GOLD KEY

M.A.R.S. PATROL

15c

10145-902
FEBRUARY

M.A.R.S.* PATROL TOTAL WAR

*Marine Attack Rescue Service

A captured alien unwittingly sets the stage for an UNDERSEA STRIKE!

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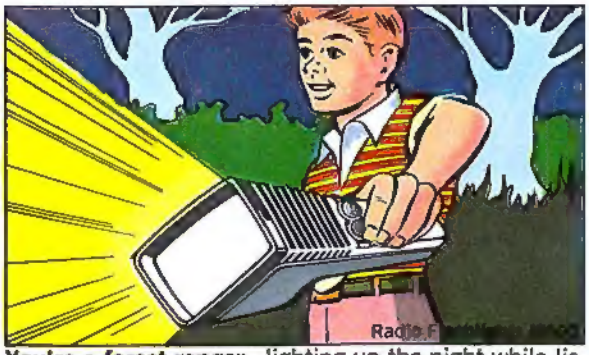
Five fantastic new ways to have fun...
from General Electric

You're an announcer—on GE's Base Station, your own radio station. Send or receive by voice or code. Built in telegraph key. Listen to all 23 Citizen Band channels. AM radio too! $29.95†

Base Station: Y7060

You're a musician—playing real music right away on GE's Electric Chord Organ. 12 chords, 3 octaves, 37 melody keys, volume control, big sound, easy-to-follow color-coded song book! All this for $34.95†

You're a squad leader—calling up reserves via GE's Walkie Talkie. Send or receive voice or code. Has Morse Code printed right on it! 48" whip antenna, range up to ⅓ mile.* Just $19.95† per pair.



You're a forest ranger—lighting up the night while listening to your favorite programs on GE's Radio-Flashlight. Clamp it onto handlebars—a bike radio! Built-in rechargeable battery. Comes complete with recharging unit. $12.95†

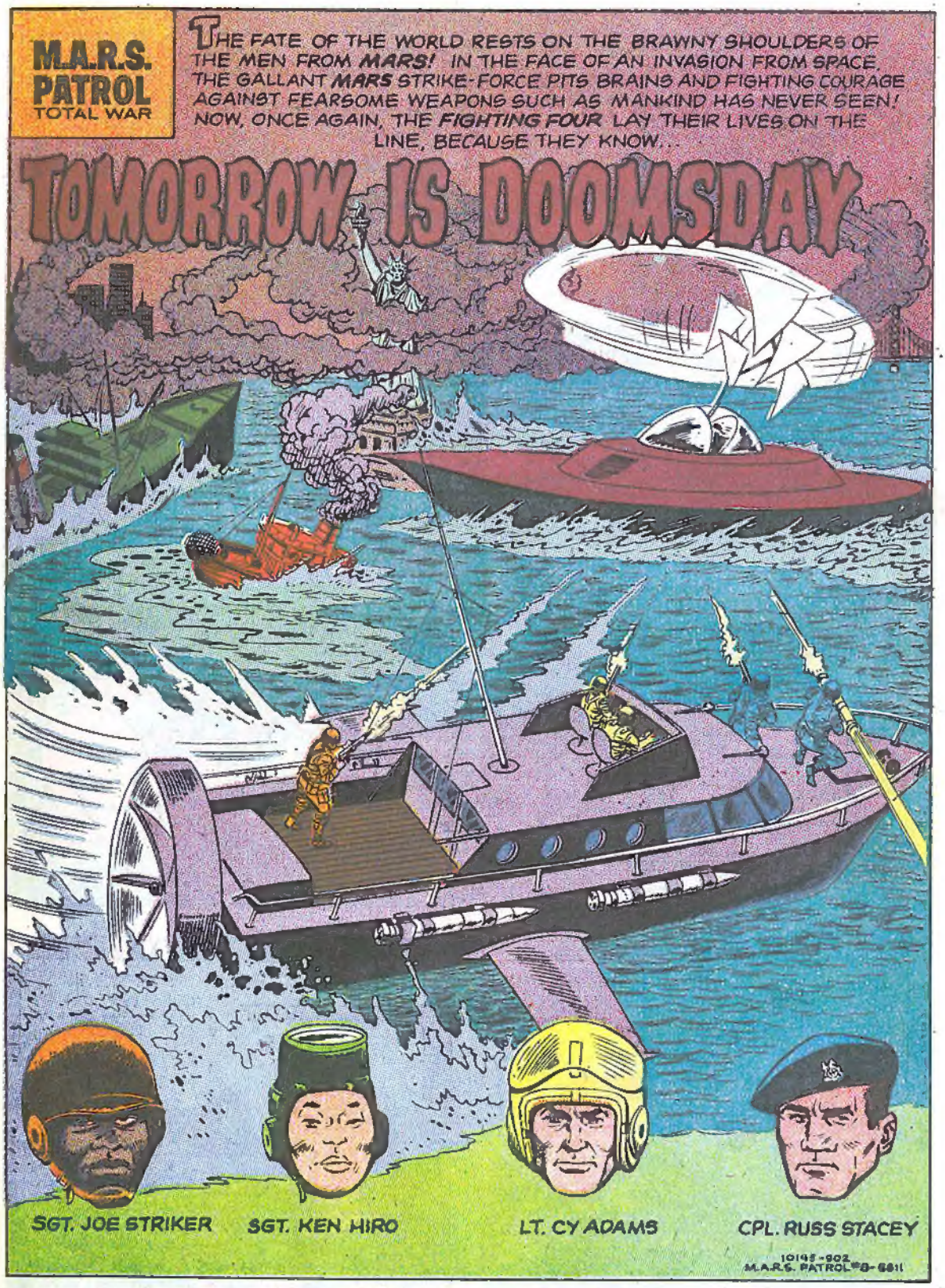
You're Master of Ceremonies—playing the gang's favorite music and stories on GE's handy battery operated Tape Player. Just pop in the pre-recorded tape cartridges. Visit your GE man, soon. Just $19.95†

GENERAL ELECTRIC

† Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher South and West.

Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York

*depending on terrain and conditions



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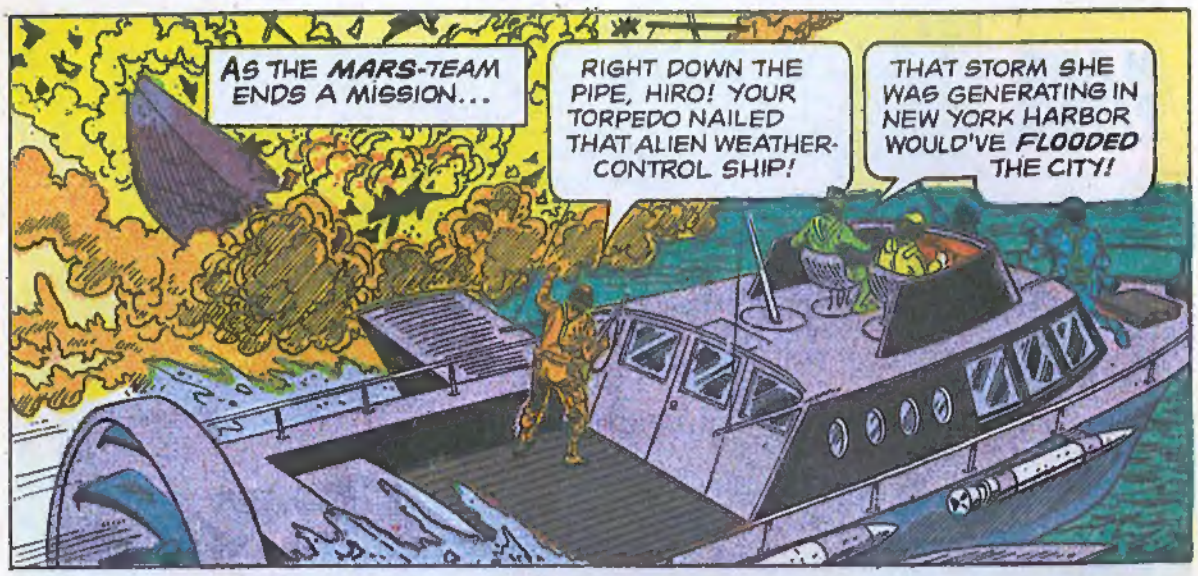

AS THE MARS-TEAM ENDS A MISSION...
RIGHT DOWN THE PIPE, HIRO! YOUR TORPEDO NAILED THAT ALIEN WEATHER-CONTROL SHIP!
THAT STORM SHE WAS GENERATING IN NEW YORK HARBOR WOULD'VE FLOODED THE CITY!

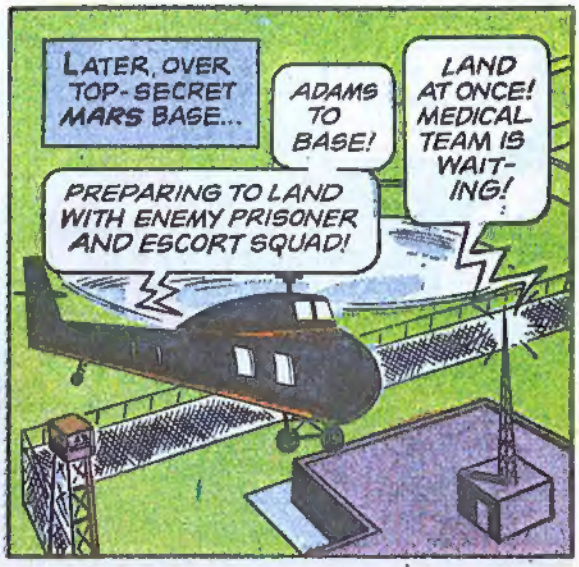
OKAY, MEN! LET'S MOP-UP!... MARS INTELLIGENCE WILL WANT TO QUESTION THE SURVIVORS!

THEY'RE SWIMMING AWAY! THOSE BALDIES WOULD RATHER DIE THAN BE RESCUED!

IT'S NO USE! THEY'VE ALL GONE DOWN! NO-- WAIT! THERE'S ONE-- CLINGING TO THAT WRECKAGE! I SAW HIM MOVE!
I'LL GET HIM, SKIPPER!

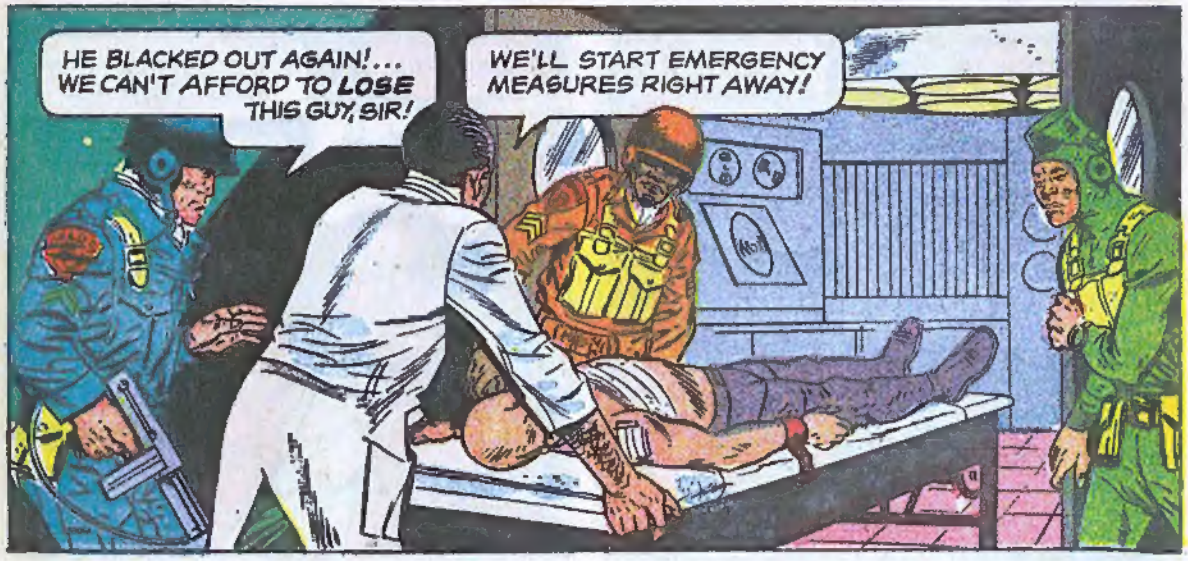
MOMENTS LATER...
HEY! WHAT'S THAT ATTACHED TO HIS WRIST?
SKIP THE QUESTIONS, JOE! THAT GUY HAS BEEN WOUNDED! HE NEEDS ATTENTION!

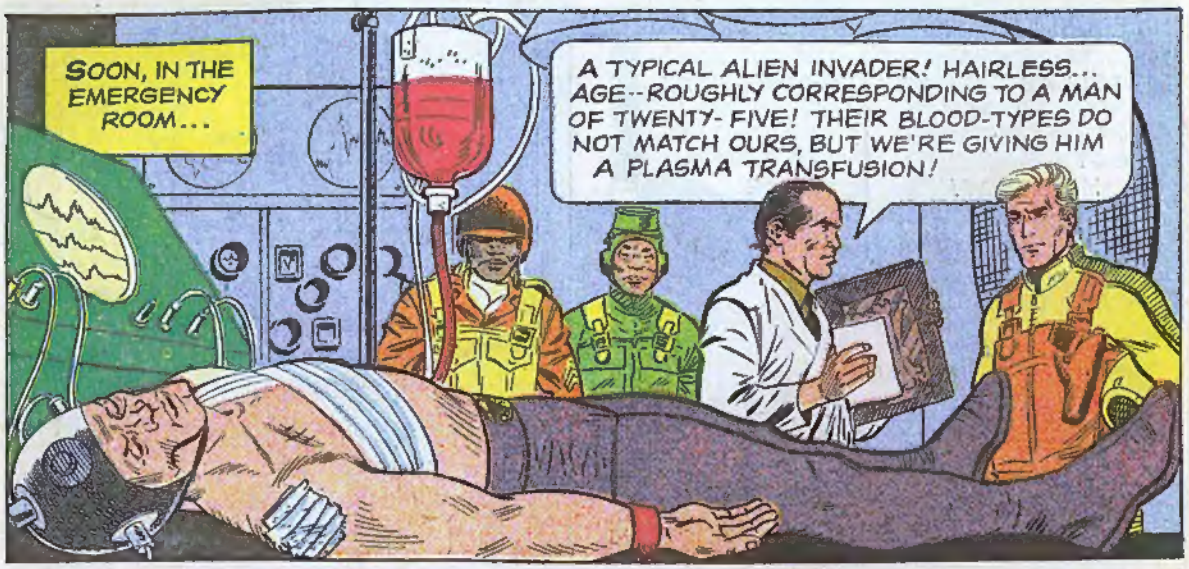
ATTENTION IS WHAT HE'LL GET! THAT'S SOME KIND OF DISPATCH CASE HE'S GOT CHAINED TO HIS WRIST!
STRIKER, RADIO MARS INTELLIGENCE! TELL THEM WE'VE JUST FOUND A PRIZE PACKAGE!


LATER, OVER TOP-SECRET MARS BASE...
ADAMS TO BASE!
LAND AT ONCE! MEDICAL TEAM IS WAITING!
PREPARING TO LAND WITH ENEMY PRISONER AND ESCORT SQUAD!

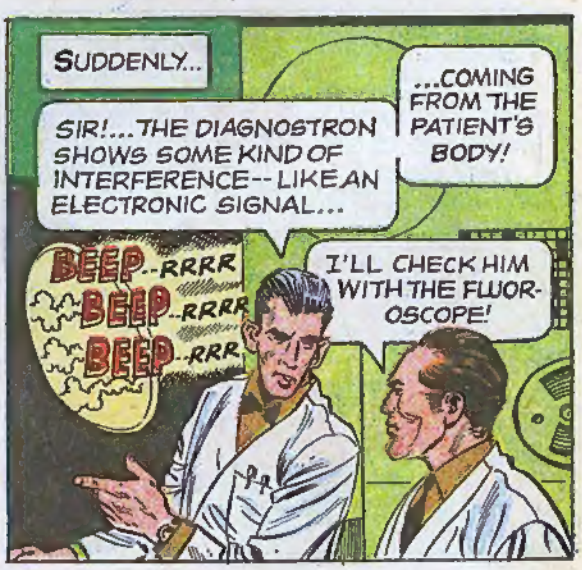
SOON...
INTELLIGENCE IS ANXIOUS TO GET THIS DISPATCH CASE!
CAREFUL, SIR! I THINK THE PRISONER IS COMING TO...
KRUNNCH!

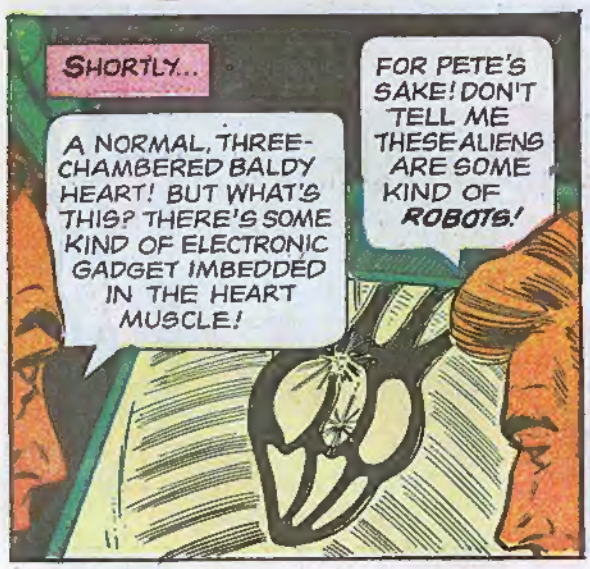
THE PAPERS--THEY MUST BE DESTROYED! GIVE THEM BACK OR--
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM FOR YOU, PAL!

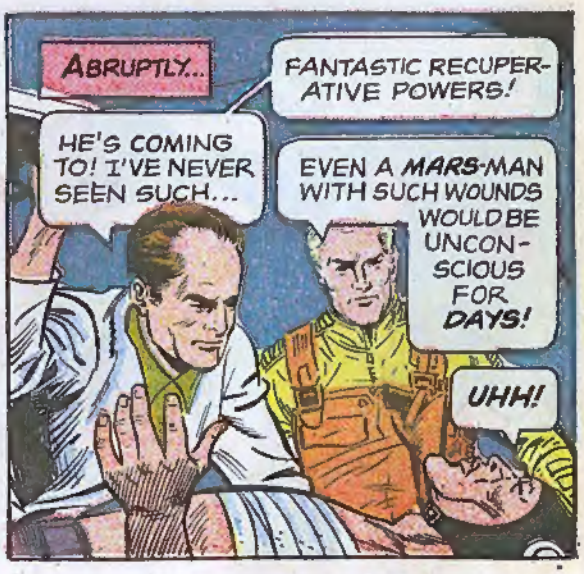

HE BLACKED OUT AGAIN!... WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THIS GUY, SIR!
WE'LL START EMERGENCY MEASURES RIGHT AWAY!


SOON, IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM...
A TYPICAL ALIEN INVADER! HAIRLESS... AGE--ROUGHLY CORRESPONDING TO A MAN OF TWENTY-FIVE! THEIR BLOOD-TYPES DO NOT MATCH OURS, BUT WE'RE GIVING HIM A PLASMA TRANSFUSION!

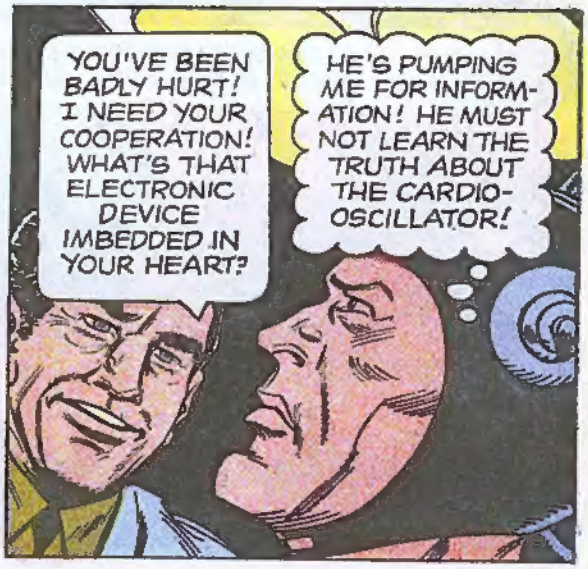
THEY'RE HUMANOID, BUT DEFINITELY NON TERRESTRIAL! NOTICE THE FOREARM X-RAY, WITH ONE BONE INSTEAD OF TWO! AND THEY HAVE NO EYETEETH!


SUDDENLY...
SIR!...THE DIAGNOSTRON SHOWS SOME KIND OF INTERFERENCE--LIKE AN ELECTRONIC SIGNAL...
...COMING FROM THE PATIENT'S BODY!
BEEP--RRRR
BEEP--RRRR
BEEP--RRR
I'LL CHECK HIM WITH THE FLUOROSCOPE!

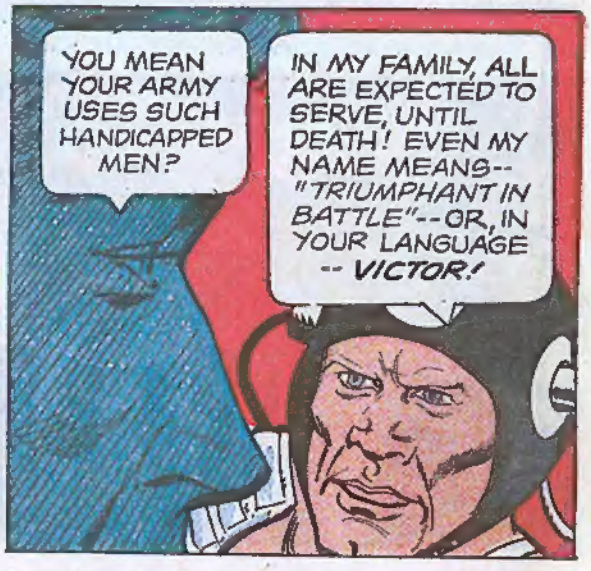

SHORTLY...
A NORMAL, THREE-CHAMBERED BALDY HEART! BUT WHAT'S THIS? THERE'S SOME KIND OF ELECTRONIC GADGET IMBEDDED IN THE HEART MUSCLE!
FOR PETE'S SAKE! DON'T TELL ME THESE ALIENS ARE SOME KIND OF ROBOTS!


ABRUPTLY...
HE'S COMING TO! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH...
FANTASTIC RECUPERATIVE POWERS!
EVEN A MARS-MAN WITH SUCH WOUNDS WOULD BE UNCONSCIOUS FOR DAYS!
UHH!

MY PAPERS! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM?
THEY'RE IN GOOD HANDS, CHUM!

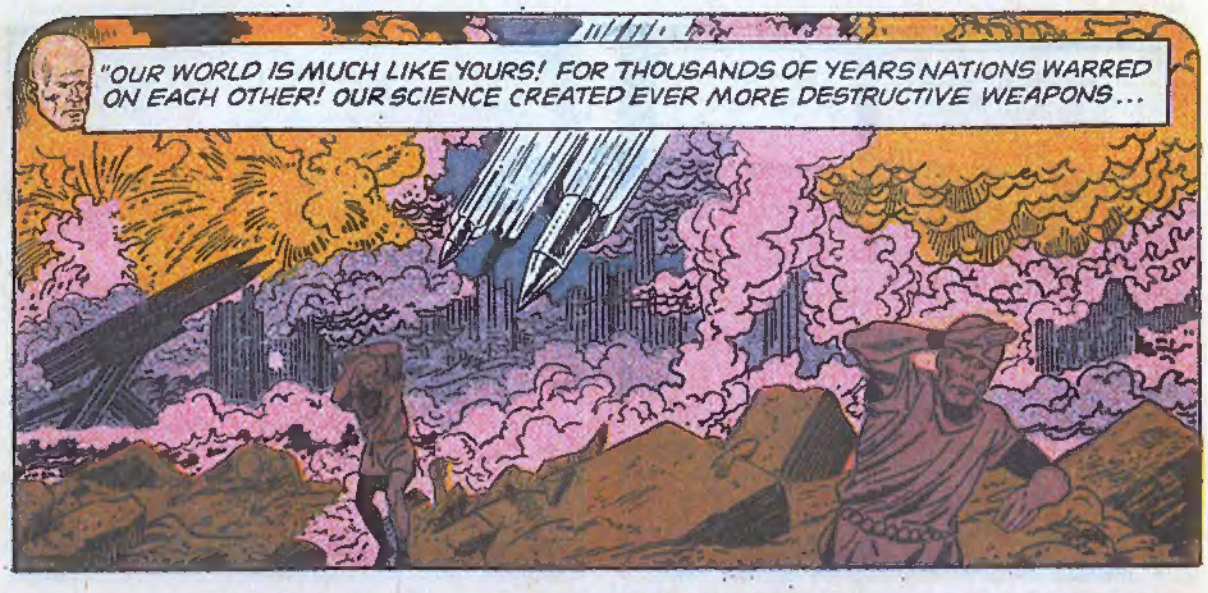

YOU'VE BEEN BADLY HURT! I NEED YOUR COOPERATION! WHAT'S THAT ELECTRONIC DEVICE IMBEDDED IN YOUR HEART?
HE'S PUMPING ME FOR INFORMATION! HE MUST NOT LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CARDIO-OSCILLATOR!

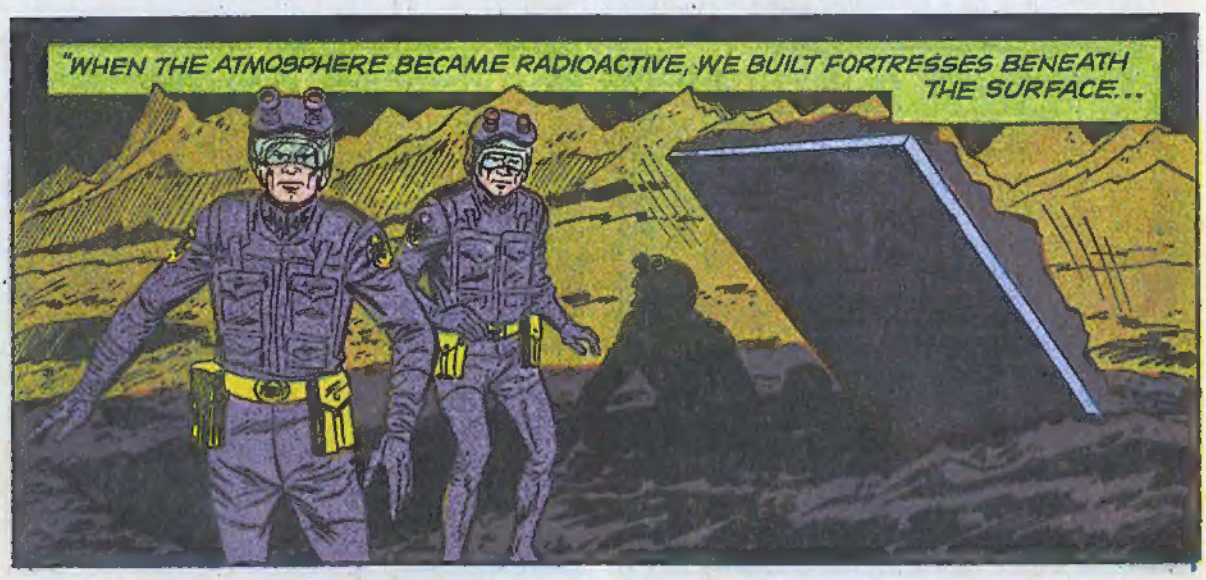
I WAS WOUNDED IN BATTLE BEFORE! OUR BIO-MEDICS PUT IN A PULSE-REGULATOR TO RESTORE NORMAL HEARTBEAT!
AN ELECTRONIC PACER!... WE USE THEM ON HEART PATIENTS, TOO!


YOU MEAN YOUR ARMY USES SUCH HANDICAPPED MEN?
IN MY FAMILY, ALL ARE EXPECTED TO SERVE, UNTIL DEATH! EVEN MY NAME MEANS-- "TRIUMPHANT IN BATTLE"--OR, IN YOUR LANGUAGE -- VICTOR!

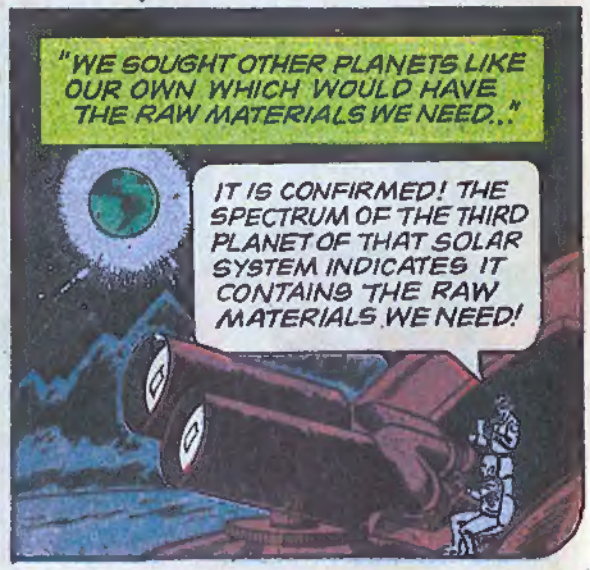
VICTOR, WE WON'T HARM YOU! WE JUST WANT YOU TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS... WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE ...WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
YOU HAVE TRIED TO HELP ME! I WILL TRY TO ANSWER...

"WE COME FROM A DISTANT WORLD, ON THE EDGE OF YOUR OWN GALAXY! HOW WE GOT HERE WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN TO YOUR PRIMITIVE MINDS...


"OUR WORLD IS MUCH LIKE YOURS! FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS NATIONS WARRED ON EACH OTHER! OUR SCIENCE CREATED EVER MORE DESTRUCTIVE WEAPONS...

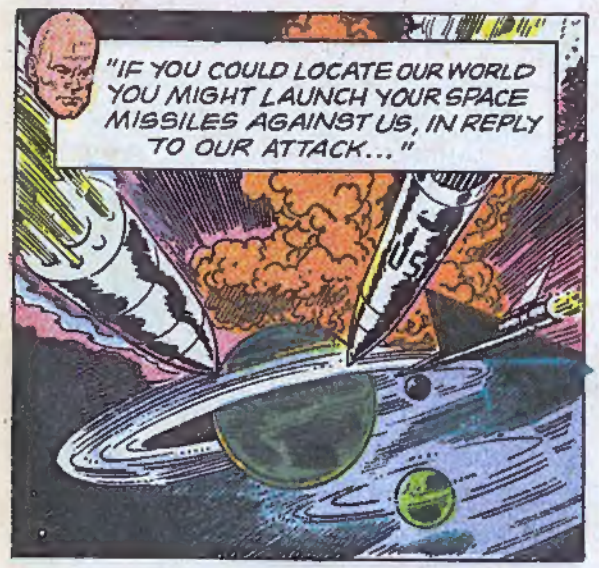

"WHEN THE ATMOSPHERE BECAME RADIOACTIVE, WE BUILT FORTRESSES BENEATH THE SURFACE...

"BUT THEN OUR METALS, MINERALS AND CHEMICALS BECAME SCARCE...

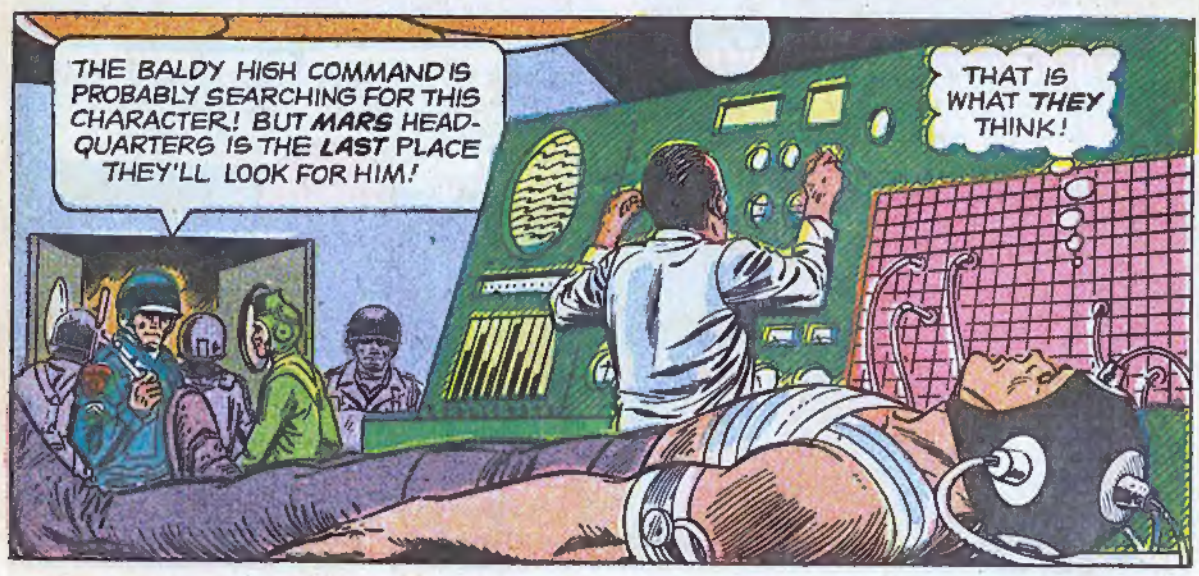

"WE SOUGHT OTHER PLANETS LIKE OUR OWN WHICH WOULD HAVE THE RAW MATERIALS WE NEED..."
IT IS CONFIRMED! THE SPECTRUM OF THE THIRD PLANET OF THAT SOLAR SYSTEM INDICATES IT CONTAINS THE RAW MATERIALS WE NEED!

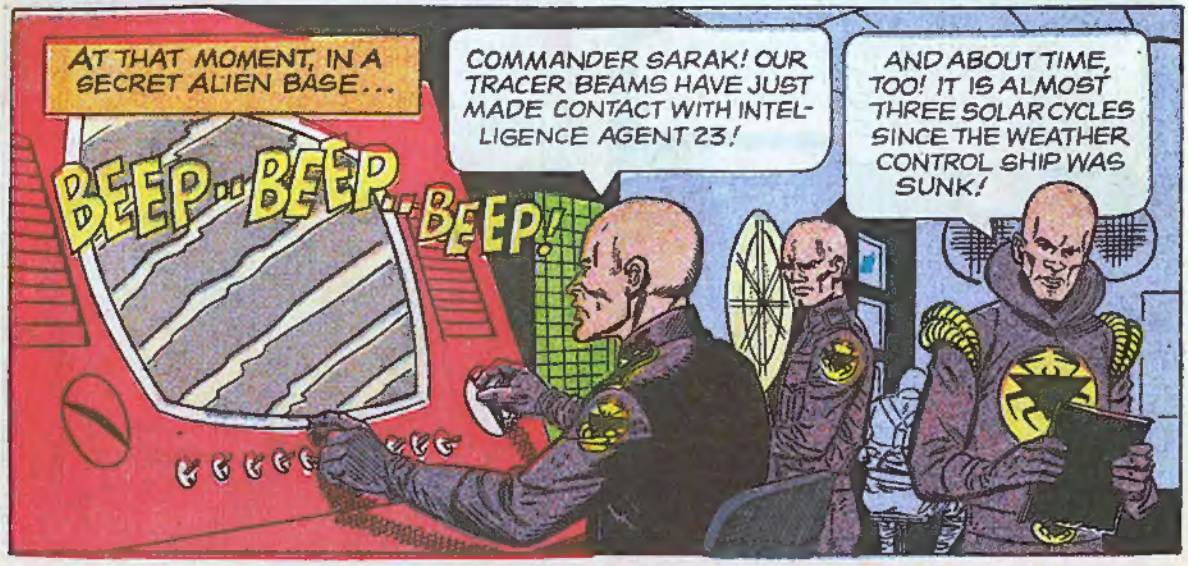
THE REST YOU KNOW! ARMIES WERE TELEPORTED HERE! EVENTUALLY WE WILL CONQUER EARTH AND TAKE ITS RAW MATERIALS!
JUST LIKE THAT, EH?

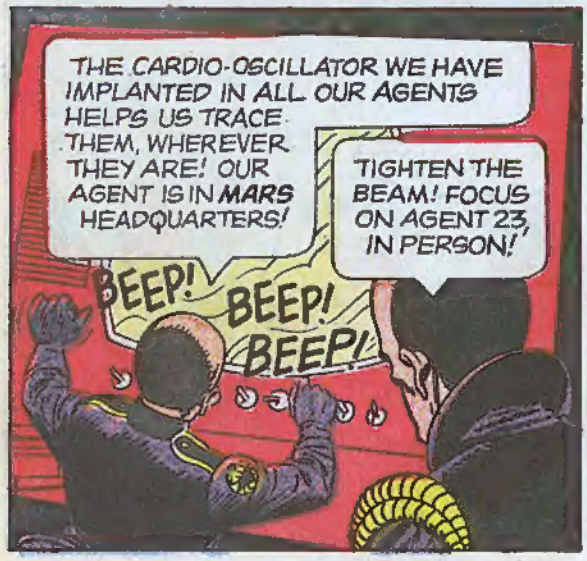
BUT EXACTLY WHERE IS YOUR HOME PLANET? HOW DO WE COMMUNICATE WITH YOUR GOVERNMENT?
I HAVE SAID ENOUGH!


"IF YOU COULD LOCATE OUR WORLD YOU MIGHT LAUNCH YOUR SPACE MISSILES AGAINST US, IN REPLY TO OUR ATTACK..."

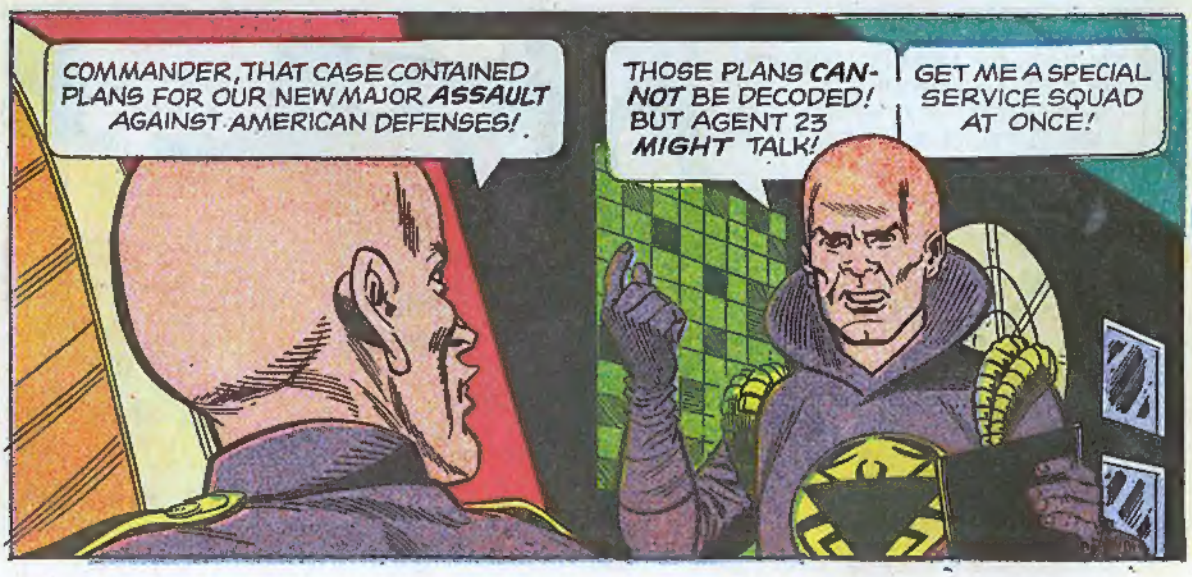
I GUESS THAT WRAPS IT UP FOR NOW! KEEP HIM UNDER TOP SECURITY UNTIL MARS INTELLIGENCE GETS HERE!
I UNDERSTAND, LIEUTENANT!

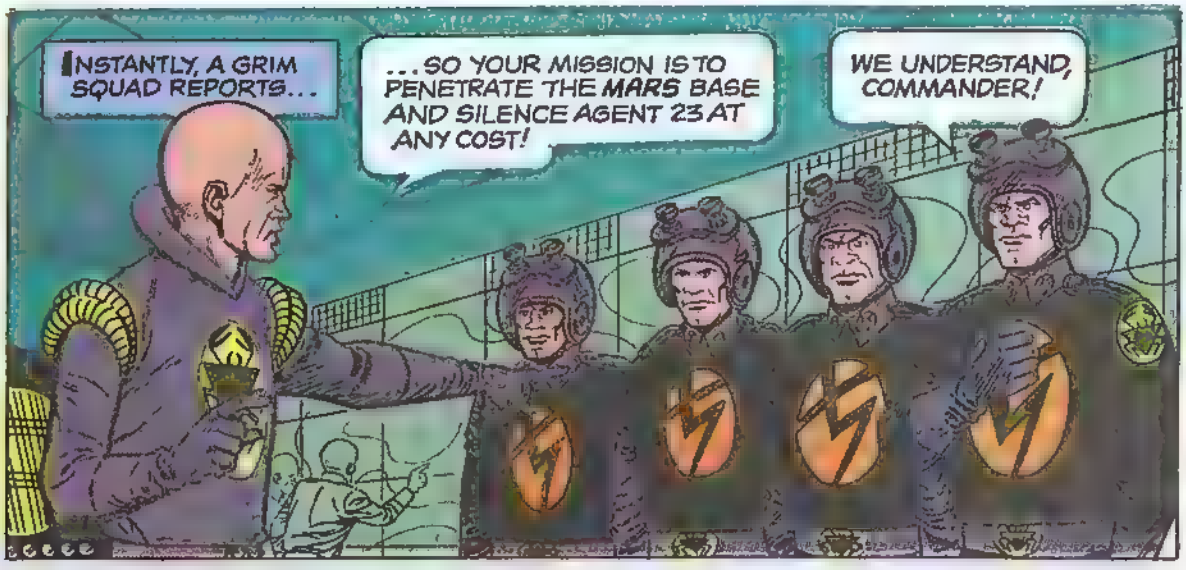

THE BALDY HIGH COMMAND IS PROBABLY SEARCHING FOR THIS CHARACTER! BUT MARS HEADQUARTERS IS THE LAST PLACE THEY'LL LOOK FOR HIM!
THAT IS WHAT THEY THINK!

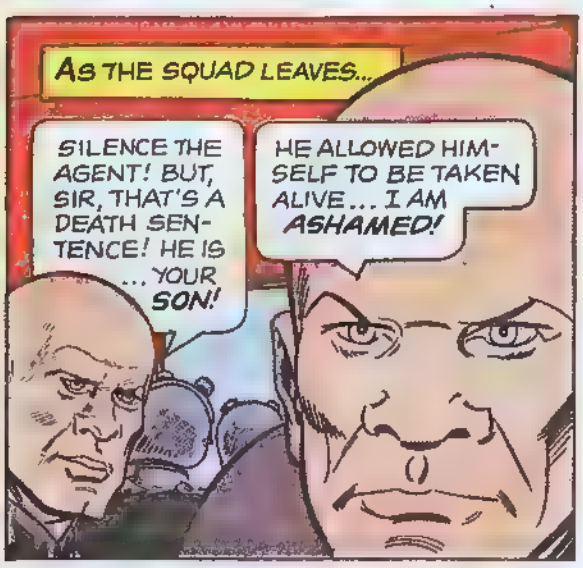

AT THAT MOMENT, IN A SECRET ALIEN BASE...
BEEP... BEEP... BEEP!
COMMANDER SARAK! OUR TRACER BEAMS HAVE JUST MADE CONTACT WITH INTELLIGENCE AGENT 23!
AND ABOUT TIME, TOO! IT IS ALMOST THREE SOLAR CYCLES SINCE THE WEATHER CONTROL SHIP WAS SUNK!

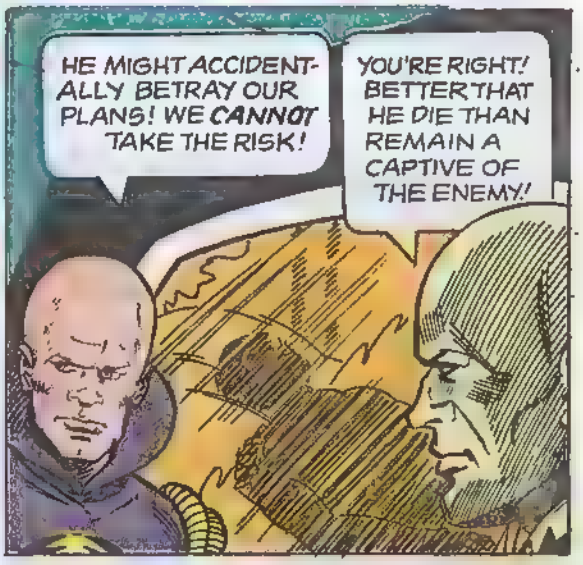

THE CARDIO-OSCILLATOR WE HAVE IMPLANTED IN ALL OUR AGENTS HELPS US TRACE THEM, WHEREVER THEY ARE! OUR AGENT IS IN MARS HEADQUARTERS!
TIGHTEN THE BEAM! FOCUS ON AGENT 23, IN PERSON!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

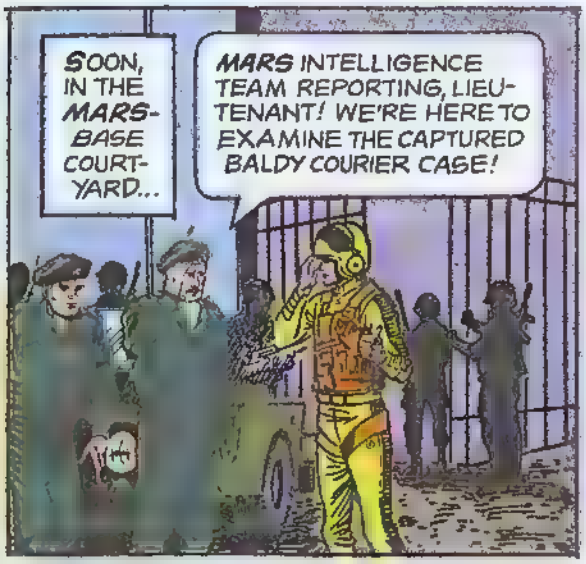
THERE HE IS NOW! HE LET HIMSELF BE TAKEN!
AND THE COURIER CASE THAT WAS CHAINED TO HIS WRIST IS...GONE!

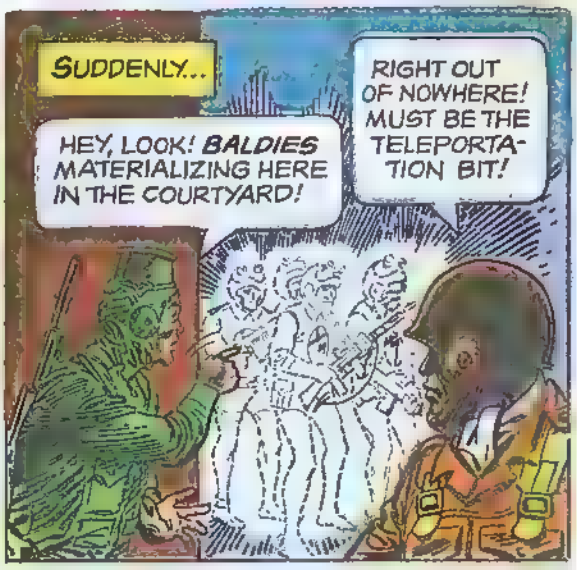

COMMANDER, THAT CASE CONTAINED PLANS FOR OUR NEW MAJOR ASSAULT AGAINST AMERICAN DEFENSES!
THOSE PLANS CANNOT BE DECODED! BUT AGENT 23 MIGHT TALK!
GET ME A SPECIAL SERVICE SQUAD AT ONCE!

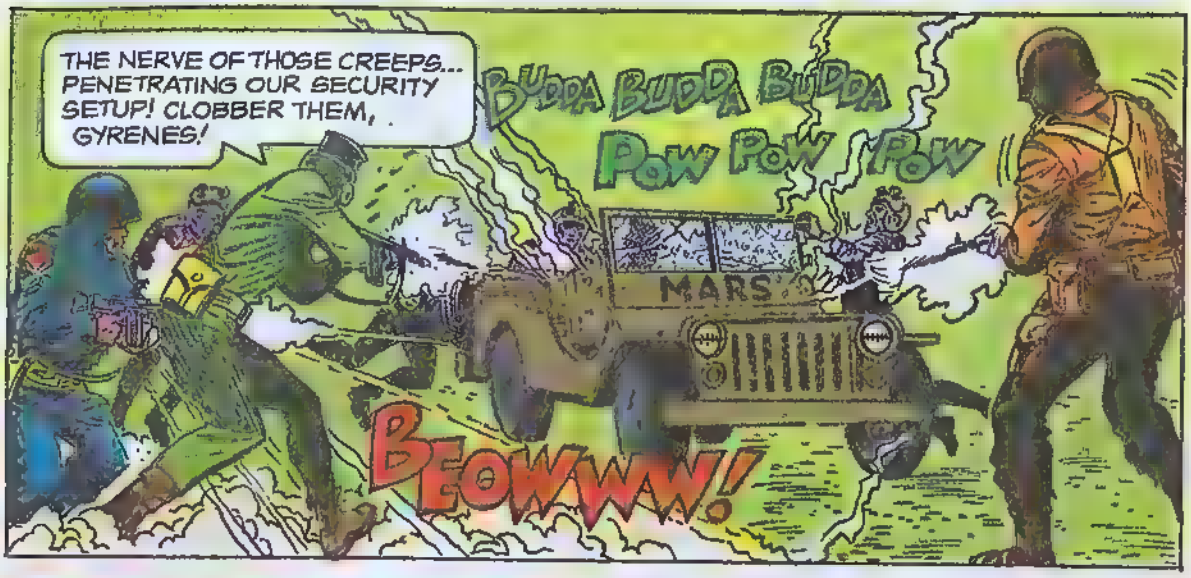

INSTANTLY, A GRIM SQUAD REPORTS...
...SO YOUR MISSION IS TO PENETRATE THE MARS BASE AND SILENCE AGENT 23 AT ANY COST!
WE UNDERSTAND, COMMANDER!


AS THE SQUAD LEAVES...
SILENCE THE AGENT! BUT, SIR, THAT'S A DEATH SENTENCE! HE IS ...YOUR SON!
HE ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE TAKEN ALIVE... I AM ASHAMED!


HE MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY BETRAY OUR PLANS! WE CANNOT TAKE THE RISK!
YOU'RE RIGHT! BETTER THAT HE DIE THAN REMAIN A CAPTIVE OF THE ENEMY!

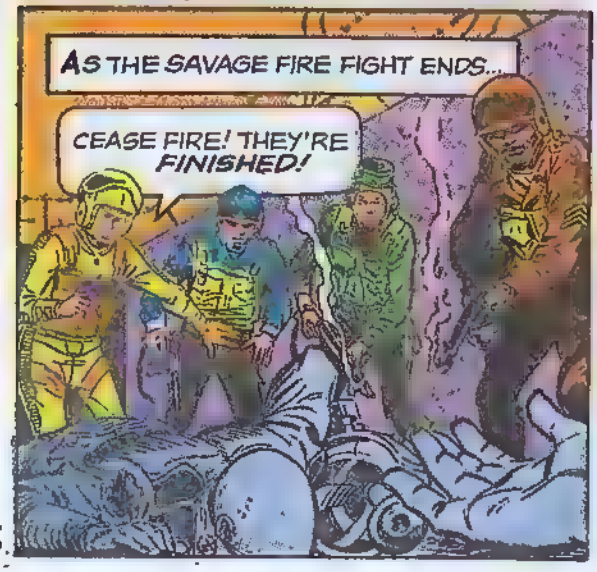

SOON, IN THE MARS-BASE COURTYARD...
MARS INTELLIGENCE TEAM REPORTING, LIEUTENANT! WE'RE HERE TO EXAMINE THE CAPTURED BALDY COURIER CASE!

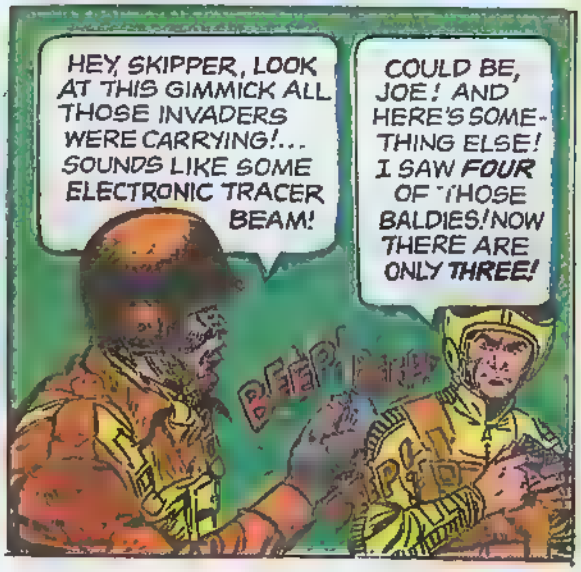

SUDDENLY...
HEY, LOOK! BALDIES MATERIALIZING HERE IN THE COURTYARD!
RIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE! MUST BE THE TELEPORTATION BIT!

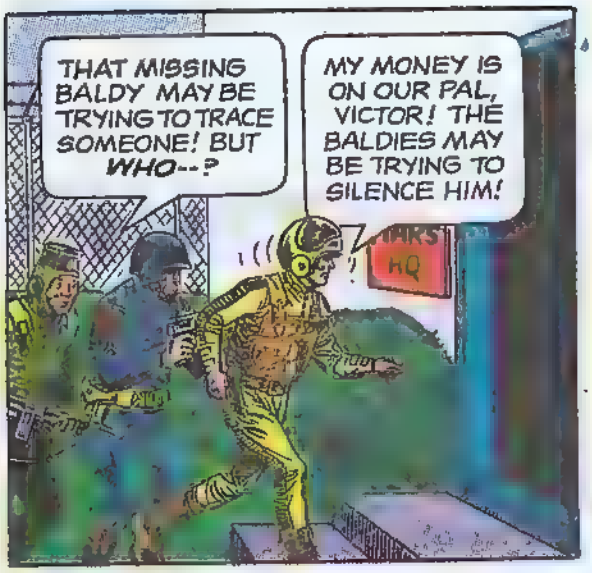

THE NERVE OF THOSE CREEPS... PENETRATING OUR SECURITY SETUP! CLOBBER THEM, GYRENES!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
POW POW POW
MARS
BEOWWW!

THEY GOT THE INTELLIGENCE TEAM!
EEYAH!

CLOSE IN, GUYS! LET'S SEE HOW THOSE SKIN-HEADS LIKE IT EYEBALL TO EYEBALL!
RATATAT! ROWW! ZINNG! BEOW!

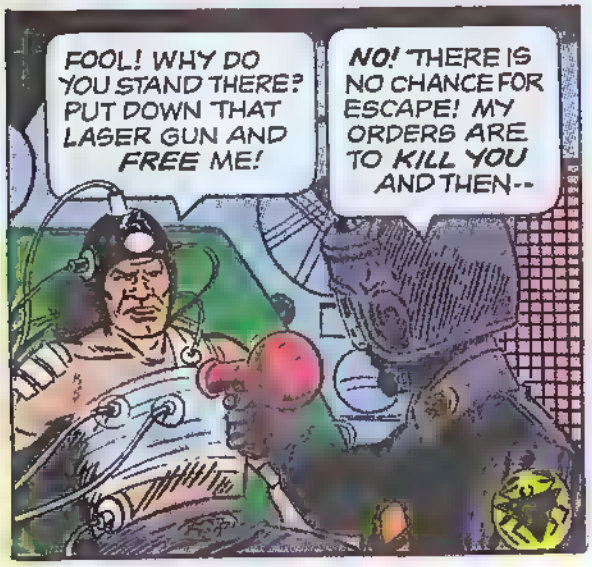

AS THE SAVAGE FIRE FIGHT ENDS...
CEASE FIRE! THEY'RE FINISHED!


HEY, SKIPPER, LOOK AT THIS GIMMICK ALL THOSE INVADERS WERE CARRYING!... SOUNDS LIKE SOME ELECTRONIC TRACER BEAM!
COULD BE, JOE! AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE! I SAW FOUR OF THOSE BALDIES! NOW THERE ARE ONLY THREE!
BEEP!


THAT MISSING BALDY MAY BE TRYING TO TRACE SOMEONE! BUT WHO--?
MY MONEY IS ON OUR PAL, VICTOR! THE BALDIES MAY BE TRYING TO SILENCE HIM!
HQ

MEANWHILE...
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
THE DETECTOR INDICATES HE'S SOMEWHERE INSIDE THAT DOOR!

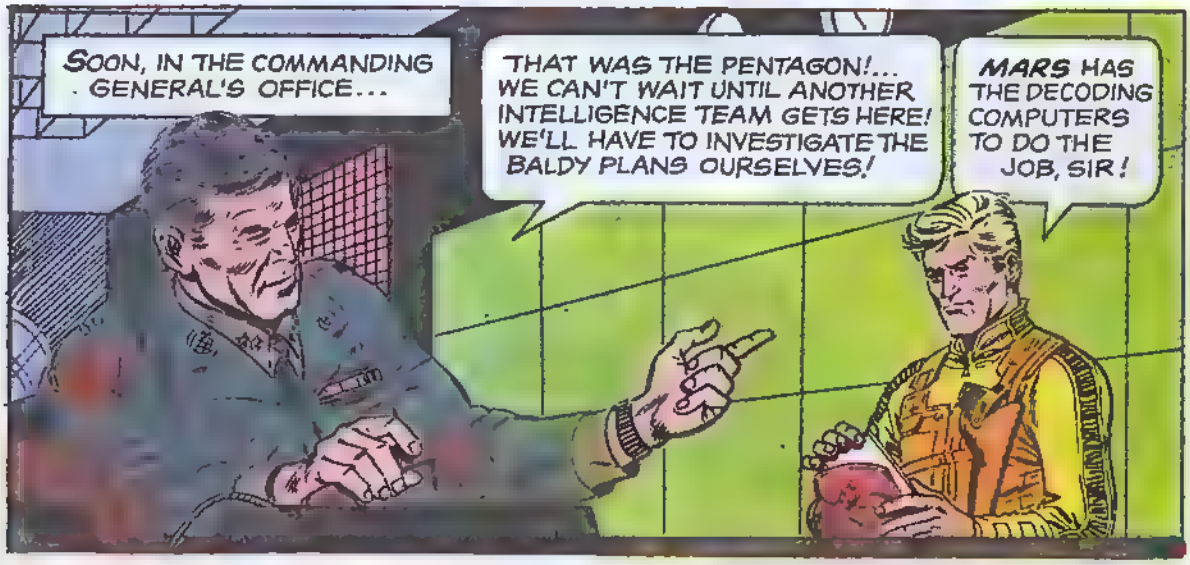
SECONDS LATER...
ZEEEE!
ZEEEE
I KNEW IT! I KNEW MY FATHER WOULD SEND SOMEONE TO SAVE ME!

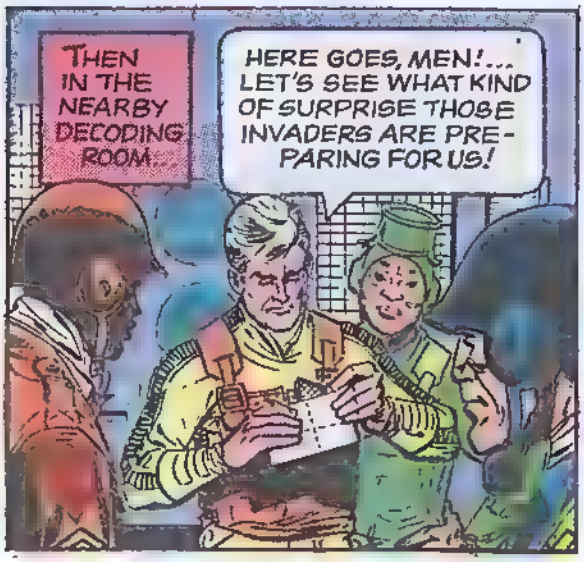

FOOL! WHY DO YOU STAND THERE? PUT DOWN THAT LASER GUN AND FREE ME!
NO! THERE IS NO CHANCE FOR ESCAPE! MY ORDERS ARE TO KILL YOU AND THEN--

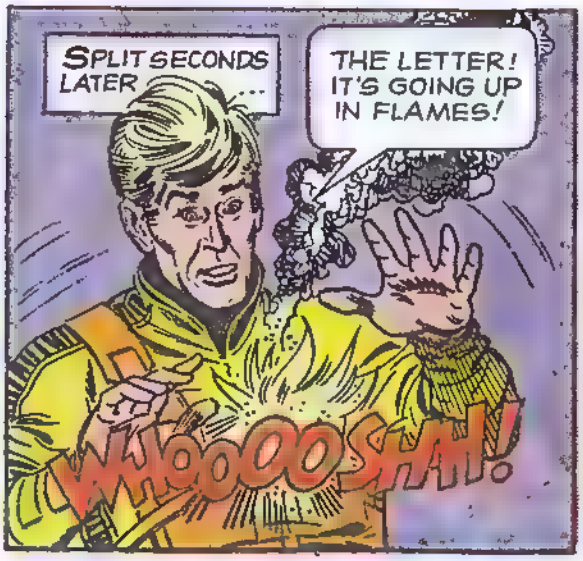
AND THEN NOTHING! YOU'VE HAD IT, PAL!

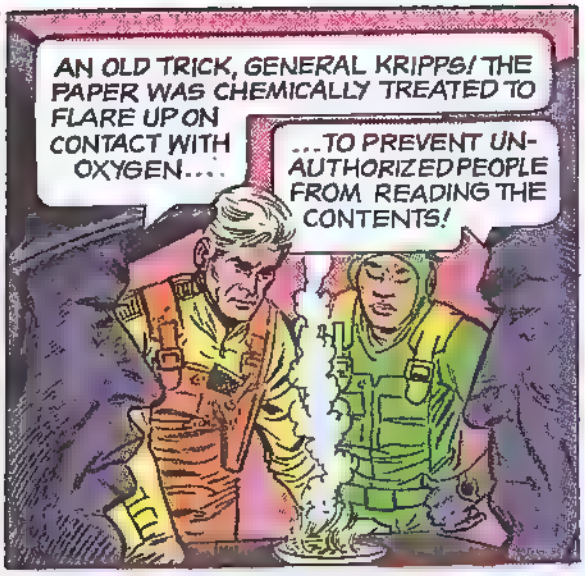
YOUR FRIENDS, I BELIEVE! THEY WANTED TO SILENCE YOU!
BUT WHY? DID THEY THINK I WOULD BETRAY THEM? NO ONE COULD MAKE ME TELL WHAT I KNOW!

BUT WHAT DOES VICTOR KNOW? AND HOW DO WE MAKE HIM TALK?
MAYBE WE DON'T HAVE TO... IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THAT COURIER CASE HE WAS CARRYING!

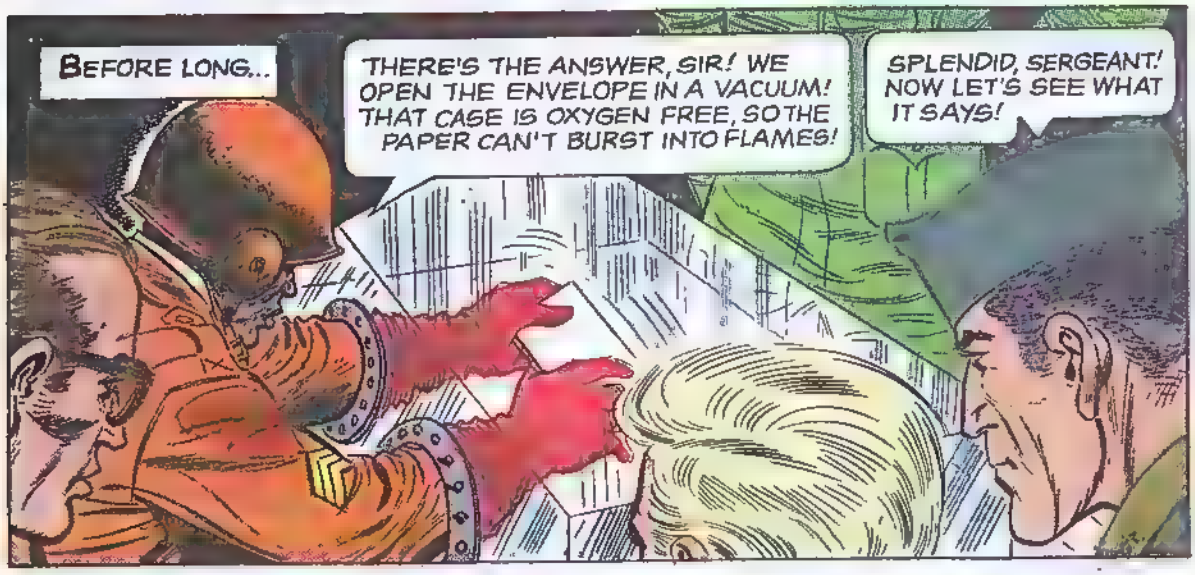

SOON, IN THE COMMANDING GENERAL'S OFFICE...
THAT WAS THE PENTAGON!... WE CAN'T WAIT UNTIL ANOTHER INTELLIGENCE TEAM GETS HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THE BALDY PLANS OURSELVES!
MARS HAS THE DECODING COMPUTERS TO DO THE JOB, SIR!

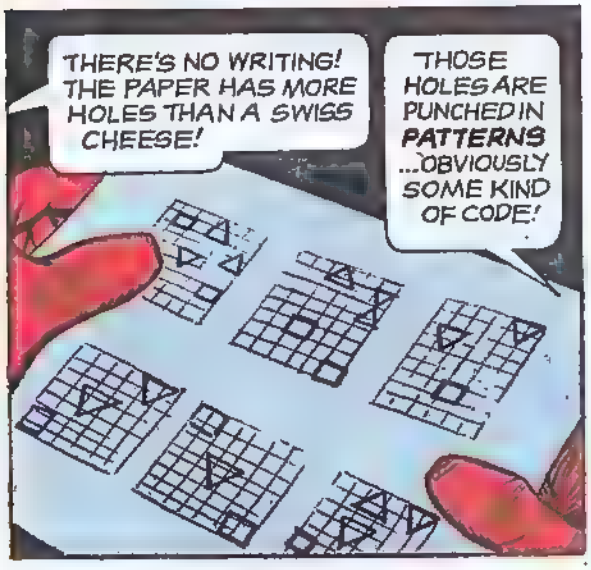

THEN IN THE NEARBY DECODING ROOM...
HERE GOES, MEN!... LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF SURPRISE THOSE INVADERS ARE PREPARING FOR US!

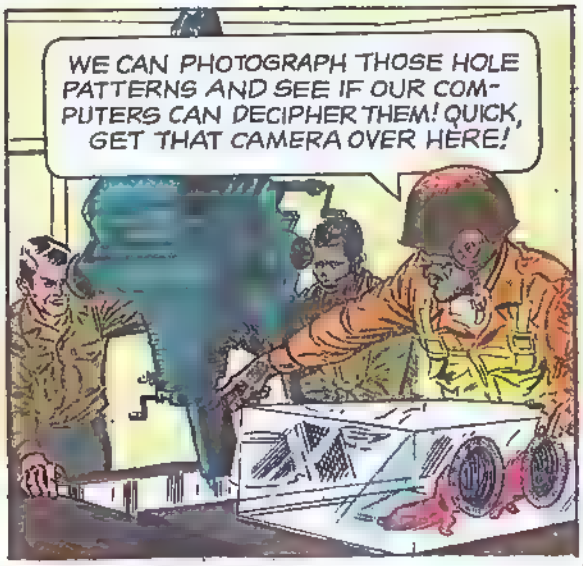

SPLIT SECONDS LATER...
THE LETTER! IT'S GOING UP IN FLAMES!
WHOOOOSH!

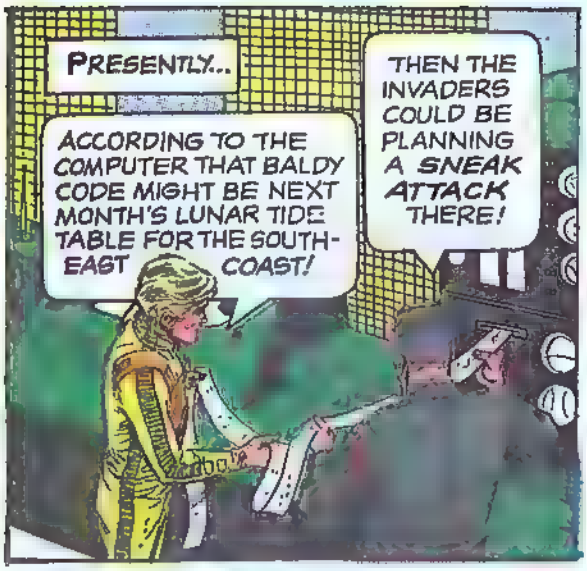

AN OLD TRICK, GENERAL KRIPPS! THE PAPER WAS CHEMICALLY TREATED TO FLARE UP ON CONTACT WITH OXYGEN....
...TO PREVENT UNAUTHORIZED PEOPLE FROM READING THE CONTENTS!

SIR, AS A COMMUNICATIONS SPECIALIST, I TOOK A COURSE IN UNDERCOVER MESSAGES! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS!
GOOD, STRIKER! YOU CAN USE THE FACILITIES OF THE TECHNICAL LAB!

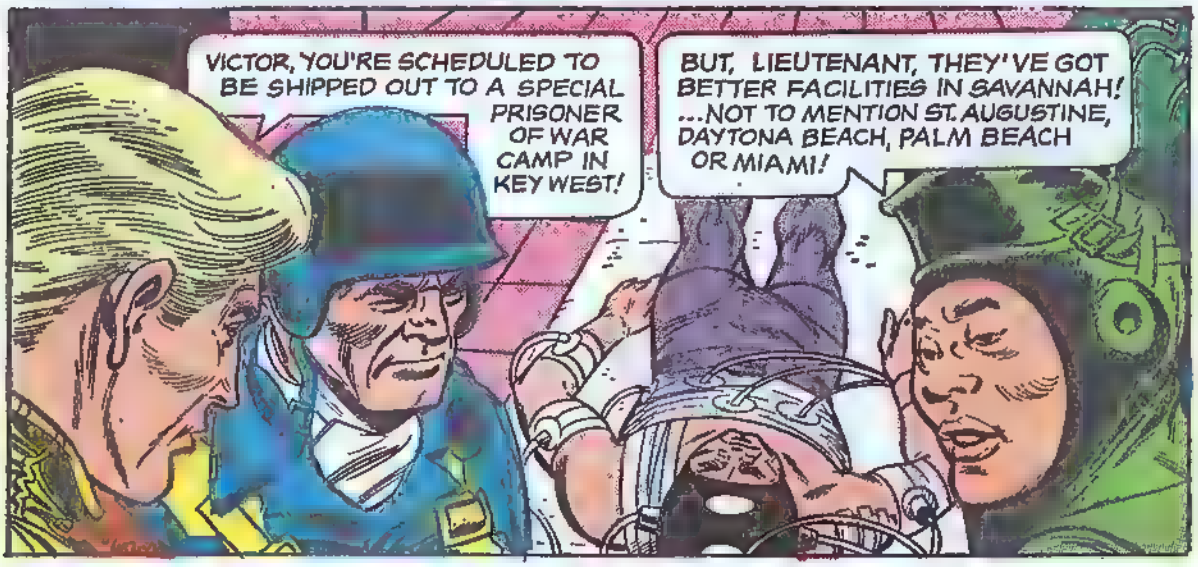

BEFORE LONG...
THERE'S THE ANSWER, SIR! WE OPEN THE ENVELOPE IN A VACUUM! THAT CASE IS OXYGEN FREE, SO THE PAPER CAN'T BURST INTO FLAMES!
SPLENDID, SERGEANT! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS!

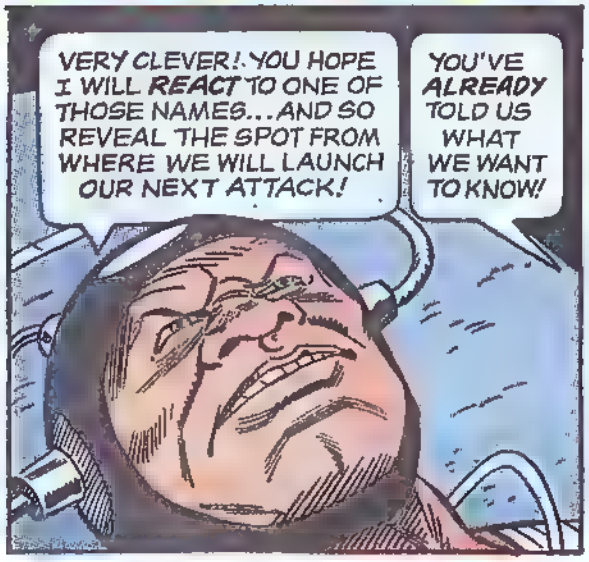

THERE'S NO WRITING! THE PAPER HAS MORE HOLES THAN A SWISS CHEESE!
THOSE HOLES ARE PUNCHED IN PATTERNS ...OBVIOUSLY SOME KIND OF CODE!

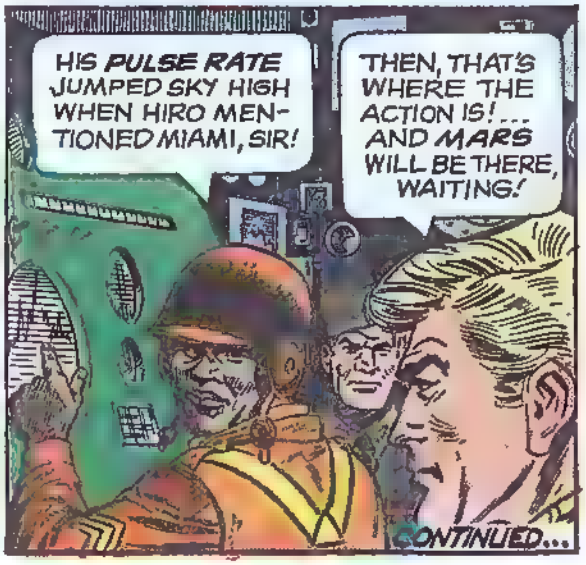

WE CAN PHOTOGRAPH THOSE HOLE PATTERNS AND SEE IF OUR COMPUTERS CAN DECIPHER THEM! QUICK, GET THAT CAMERA OVER HERE!


PRESENTLY...
ACCORDING TO THE COMPUTER THAT BALDY CODE MIGHT BE NEXT MONTH'S LUNAR TIDE TABLE FOR THE SOUTH-EAST COAST!
THEN THE INVADERS COULD BE PLANNING A SNEAK ATTACK THERE!

THEY'D NEED SOME DESERTED OR REMOTE AREA TO KEEP THEIR INVASION FORCE FROM BEING NOTICED! BUT WHERE DO WE START LOOKING?
OUR PRISONER MIGHT HELP US IF WE HANDLE HIM RIGHT!


VICTOR, YOU'RE SCHEDULED TO BE SHIPPED OUT TO A SPECIAL PRISONER OF WAR CAMP IN KEY WEST!
BUT, LIEUTENANT, THEY'VE GOT BETTER FACILITIES IN SAVANNAH! ...NOT TO MENTION ST. AUGUSTINE, DAYTONA BEACH, PALM BEACH OR MIAMI!


VERY CLEVER! YOU HOPE I WILL REACT TO ONE OF THOSE NAMES...AND SO REVEAL THE SPOT FROM WHERE WE WILL LAUNCH OUR NEXT ATTACK!
YOU'VE ALREADY TOLD US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!


HIS PULSE RATE JUMPED SKY HIGH WHEN HIRO MENTIONED MIAMI, SIR!
THEN, THAT'S WHERE THE ACTION IS!... AND MARS WILL BE THERE, WAITING!
CONTINUED...

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB NEWS

DON'T MISS AN ISSUE, OR YOU MAY MISS YOUR CONTRIBUTION.

IT'S THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY

Comedy also highlights the Gold Key program as the holiday season gets under way next month. And what could be more fitting?

DAFFY DUCK returns with a new friend, Merlin the Magic Mouse.

THE THREE STOOGES have another hilarious misadventure in "The Souper Doopers."

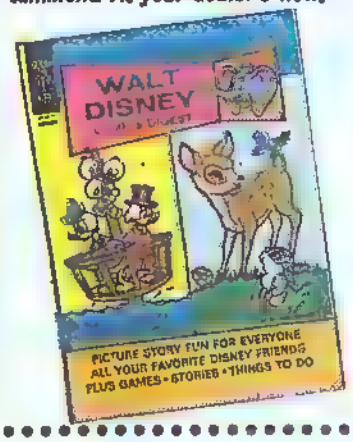
LITTLE LULU and her pals cavort in WINTER FUN. Watch Tubby matching wits with a ground hog.

UNCLE SCROOGE stars in "The Case of the Watched Duck," a quacker-jack mystery. MOBY DUCK joins a motley crew for a pirates' holiday.

Add THE FLINSTONES, TOP CAT, PORKY PIG, TWEETY AND SYLVESTER, SCAMP, and you have a Gold Key mint full of the best of the funniest.

A Big Three in adventure also awaits you: TARZAN OF THE APES, KORAK, SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON.

Do you have your new WALT DISNEY COMICS DIGEST? It's a 192-page pocket-size book of giant-size entertainment. At your dealer's now.



TANTALIZING TRIO OF CHILLERS TO CAST SPELL

BORIS KARLOFF WILL GET YOU!

Hair-raising! Eyebrow curling! That describes next month's TALES OF MYSTERY. BORIS KARLOFF, the master storyteller, is at his eerie best. Find out what "The Thing Called Illona" is — and after you have, read on! You're in for a shocking good time.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE CALLS!

Here is one of the all-time favorites, a super collection of supernatural stories to tease your imagination. Take a journey into the strange and thought-provoking world of THE TWILIGHT ZONE next month.

NOW ON SALE

YELLOW SUBMARINE with THE BEATLES

CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG

Both with big pull-out posters, an exciting Gold Key first!

Get in now on early Christmas fun with WOODY WOODPECKER CHRISTMAS PARADE — a festive Giant Comic.

Meet GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE with Tom Slick and Super Chicken as added attractions.

Get the best of the West in LANCER and GUNSMOKE.

© 1968

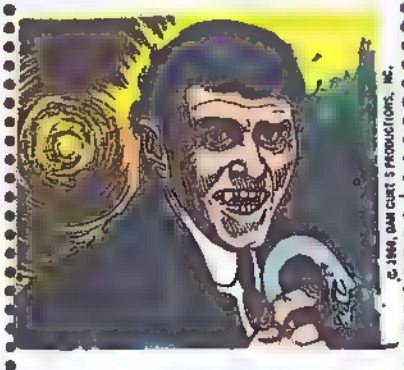
BARNABAS COLLINS WILL HAUNT YOU

You've seen him on TV, now you can see him in Gold Key — in DARK SHADOWS. He's Barnabas Collins, the 175-year-old vampire with a flair for scare. Bound up in a fate not of his own choosing, he must react evilly at times when threatened.

And now he is threatened. A young girl is on the verge of discovering his unearthly secret—and she must not be allowed to live to tell the tale.

DARK SHADOWS — the sensational TV show becomes a Gold Key thriller. From an 18th-century witch hunt to 20th-century vampirism and witchcraft, you'll follow Barnabas Collins in his nightly quest as he struggles between good and evil.

DARK SHADOWS — with a **big pull-out poster** of Barnabas Collins, the vampire with biting appeal!



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GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

Reader's Page

DOODLES

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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Letter C

Number 3

Darcy Nelson
Rupert, Idaho

Number 7

Mary Elizabeth James
Cooksville, Ontario,
Canada

Letter b

Letter D

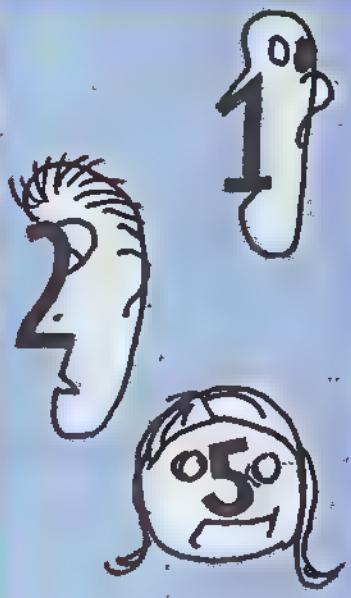
Number 9

Susan Mansfield
Concordia, Kansas

Letter Z

Letter K

Patty Sperle
Leola, South Dakota



Numbers 1, 2, 5

Sonya Dresser
Seneca Falls,
New York

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Parent's signature _____

☐ $1 enclosed. Bill me $1 a month for 4 months.

HA1

GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

JOKES ON YOU

Riddle: Why is a wig like a lie?
Answer: Because they're both falsehoods.
Susan Mann—Newark, New Jersey

Riddle: Why are small boys like flannel pajamas?
Answer: They both shrink from washing.
Kevin Fleming—Denver, Colorado

Riddle: What did one queen bee say to the other queen bee?
Answer: Mind your own bees' nest.
Larry Edward Harris—Carrollton, Ohio

John: I once had an uncle who worked in a watch factory?
Bob: What did he do?
John: He sat around making faces.
Melanie Martin—Cleveland, Ohio

Helen: Did you know that the animals came to Noah's ark in pairs?
Ellen: Yes, all but the worms. They came in apples.
Tracy Jones—Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

Terry: Why is your dog running around in circles?
Merry: He's a watchdog and he's winding himself up.
Beverly Irving—Cincinnati, Ohio

Son: Dad, may I borrow the car tonight?
Dad: No. What did you think you have two feet for?
Son: One's for the gas pedal and the other's for the brake.
Gerard Aldridge—Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada

KNOCK KNOCK!
Who's There?

Isabel.
Isabel who?
Isabel necessary on a bike?
Tom Gazo—Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Gorilla who?
Gorilla my dreams, I love you.
Larry W. Parrish—Columbus, Mississippi

Sarah who?
Sarah doctor in the house?
David Nelmes—Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada

Waldo who?
Waldon't just stand there, do something.
Robert Brand—Newark, New Jersey

Eileen who?
Eileen on you for support.
Leonard Hopkins—Denver, Colorado

Annette who?
Annette is needed to catch butterflies.
Linda Kempel—Norfolk, Virgina

Wilfred who?
Wilfred never get here?
Evelyn Roy—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Riddle: What has six feet and sings?
Answer: A trio.
Betty Grier—Richland, Georgia

Teacher: Johnny, how many bones do you have in your body?
Johnny: I have nine hundred.
Teacher: We'll that is more than I have.
Johnny: Yes, but I had fish for lunch.
Michael Mullen—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Riddle: What did the leopard say when he ate a hot dog?
Answer: That hit the right spot.
Jeanne Hagen—Garden City, Michigan

Son: Dad, I got 100 in school today.
Father: Good! What subject?
Son: Two—60 in arithmetic and 40 in spelling.
Wendy June Harnum—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Tourist: How do you get to Bigtown?
Farmer: We drive over in my station wagon.
Bonnie McCarley—Birmingham, Alabama

Riddle: Two mice were sitting on top of a wall. One fell off. What did the other one do?
Answer: He used mouse-to-mouse resuscitation.
Debbie Heindel—Payette, Idaho

Billy: How do you remove varnish?
Harry: Take out the "r" and make it vanish.
Robert Zembelli—Sudbury, Ontario, Canada

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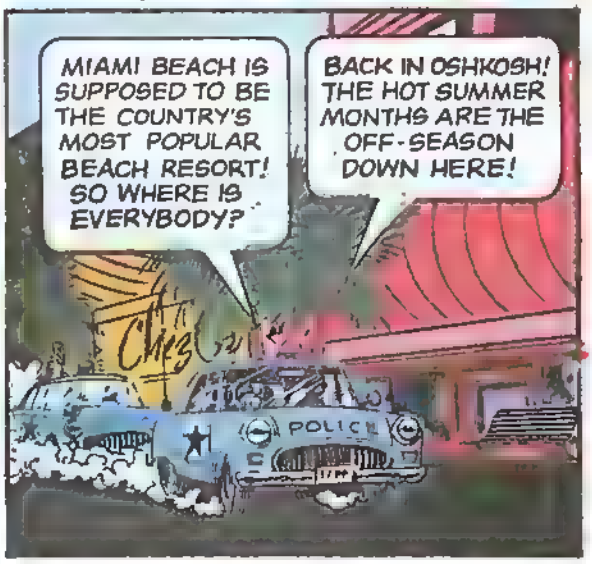
M.A.R.S. PATROL TOTAL WAR

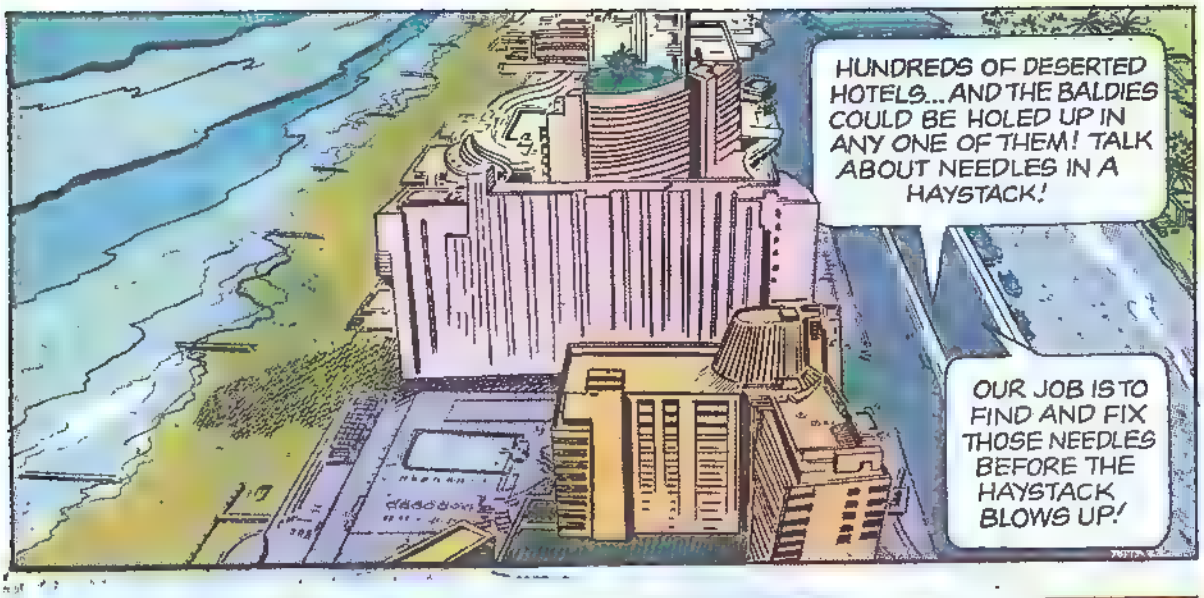
PART II SEEK and DESTROY

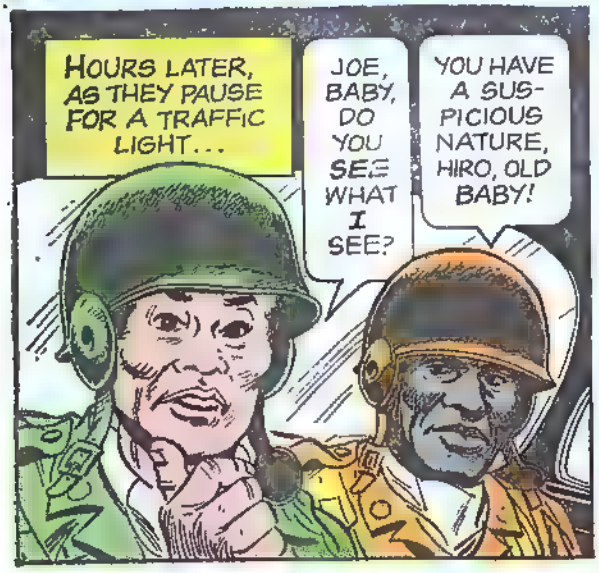
A BALDY CAPTIVE HAS UNWITTINGLY REVEALED WHERE THE NEXT INVADER STRIKE WILL COME! NOW THE *M.A.R.S.* TEAM SPEEDS SOUTH TO HELP REPULSE IT.

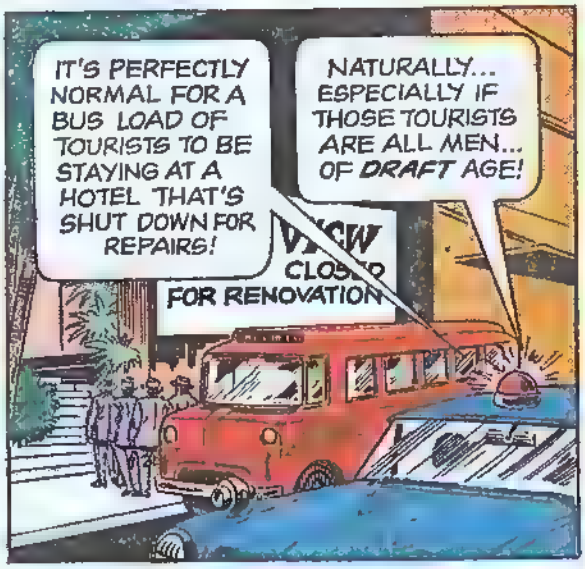
A BLITZ ATTACK ON FLORIDA MAKES SENSE FOR THE BALDIES! THE SPACE LAUNCH COMPLEX AT CAPE KENNEDY MAKES A FAT TARGET, NOT TO MENTION THE OTHER AIR FORCE AND NAVAL BASES ALONG THE COAST!

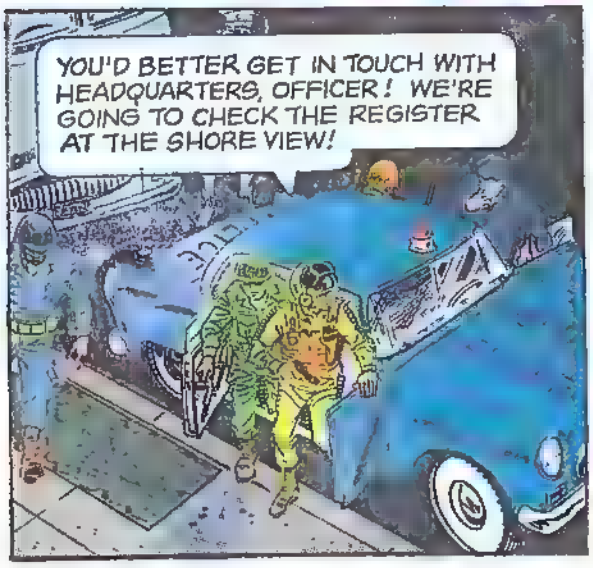
THE MAIN **MARS** FORCE WILL BE TAKING OFF FOR MIAMI IN AN HOUR! MEANWHILE, WE'VE GOT TO SCOUT THE TERRAIN!

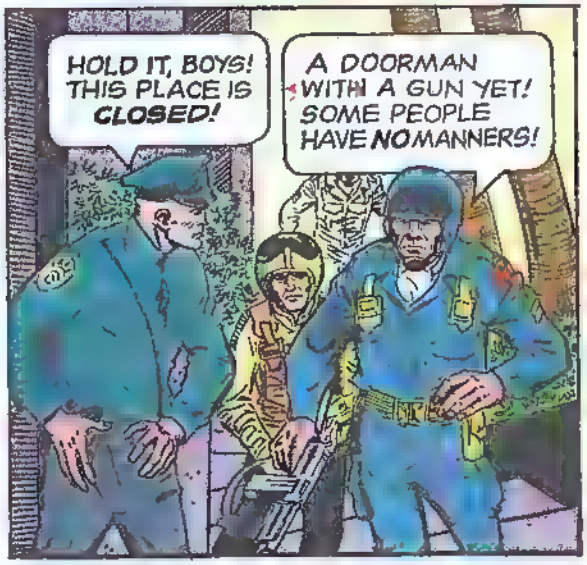


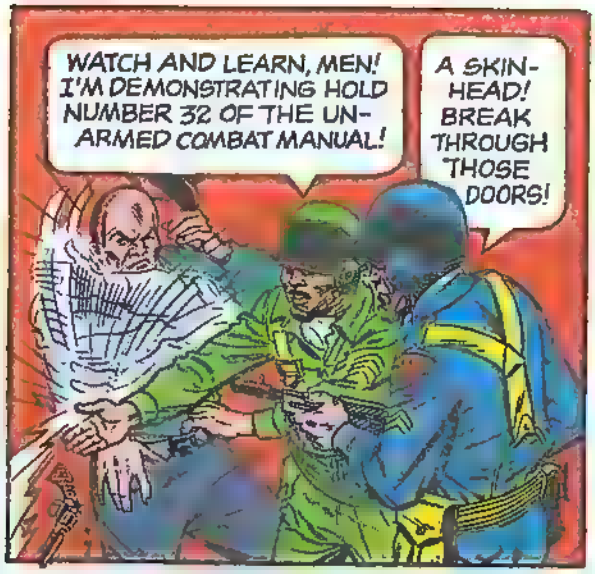

HUNDREDS OF DESERTED HOTELS...AND THE BALDIES COULD BE HOLED UP IN ANY ONE OF THEM! TALK ABOUT NEEDLES IN A HAYSTACK!
OUR JOB IS TO FIND AND FIX THOSE NEEDLES BEFORE THE HAYSTACK BLOWS UP!

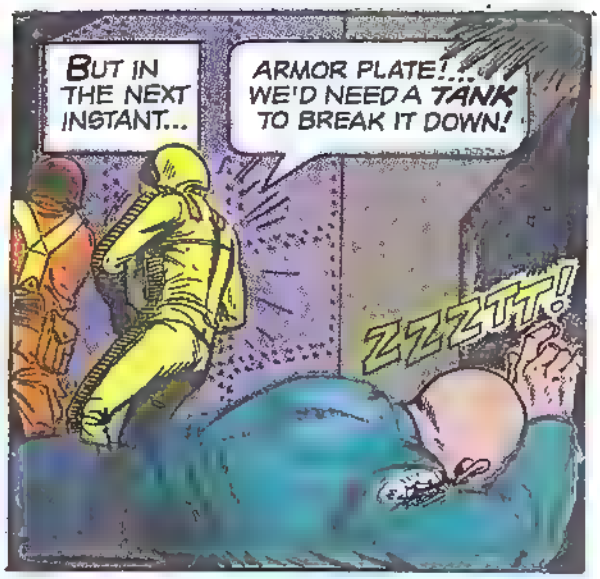

HOURS LATER, AS THEY PAUSE FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT...
JOE, BABY, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
YOU HAVE A SUSPICIOUS NATURE, HIRO, OLD BABY!

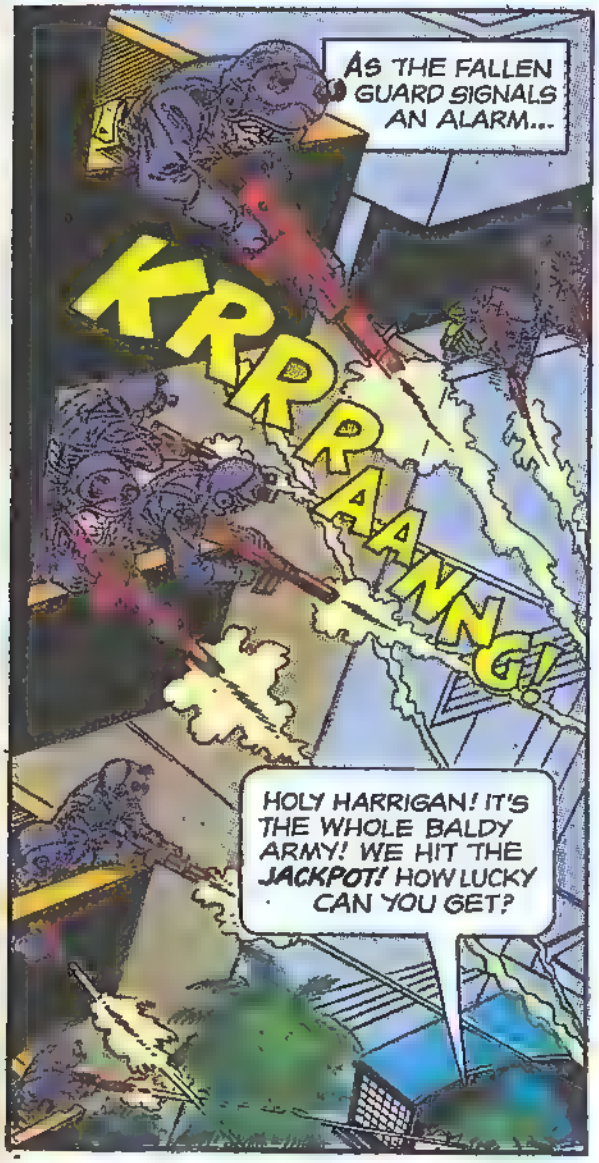

IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL FOR A BUS LOAD OF TOURISTS TO BE STAYING AT A HOTEL THAT'S SHUT DOWN FOR REPAIRS!
NATURALLY... ESPECIALLY IF THOSE TOURISTS ARE ALL MEN... OF DRAFT AGE!
FOR RENOVATION

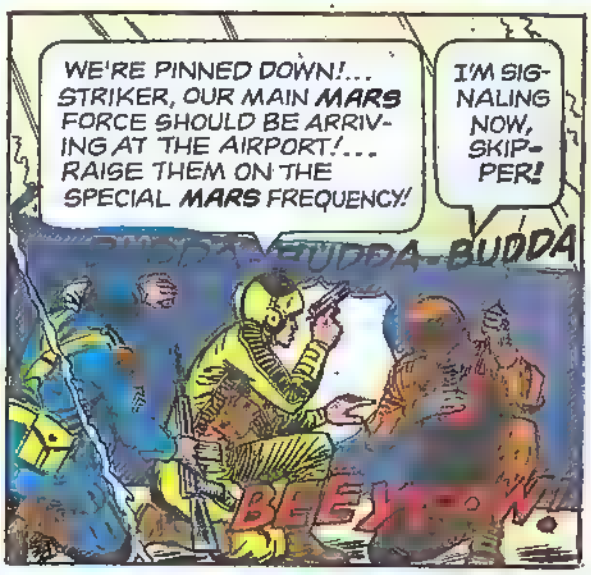

YOU'D BETTER GET IN TOUCH WITH HEADQUARTERS, OFFICER! WE'RE GOING TO CHECK THE REGISTER AT THE SHORE VIEW!

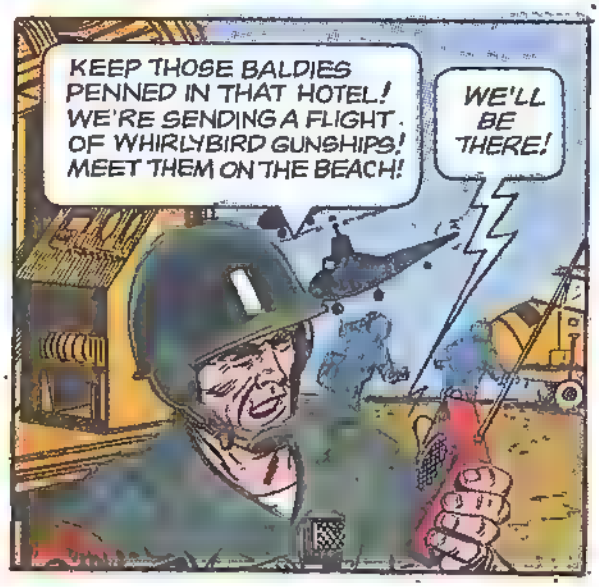

HOLD IT, BOYS! THIS PLACE IS CLOSED!
A DOORMAN WITH A GUN YET! SOME PEOPLE HAVE NO MANNERS!

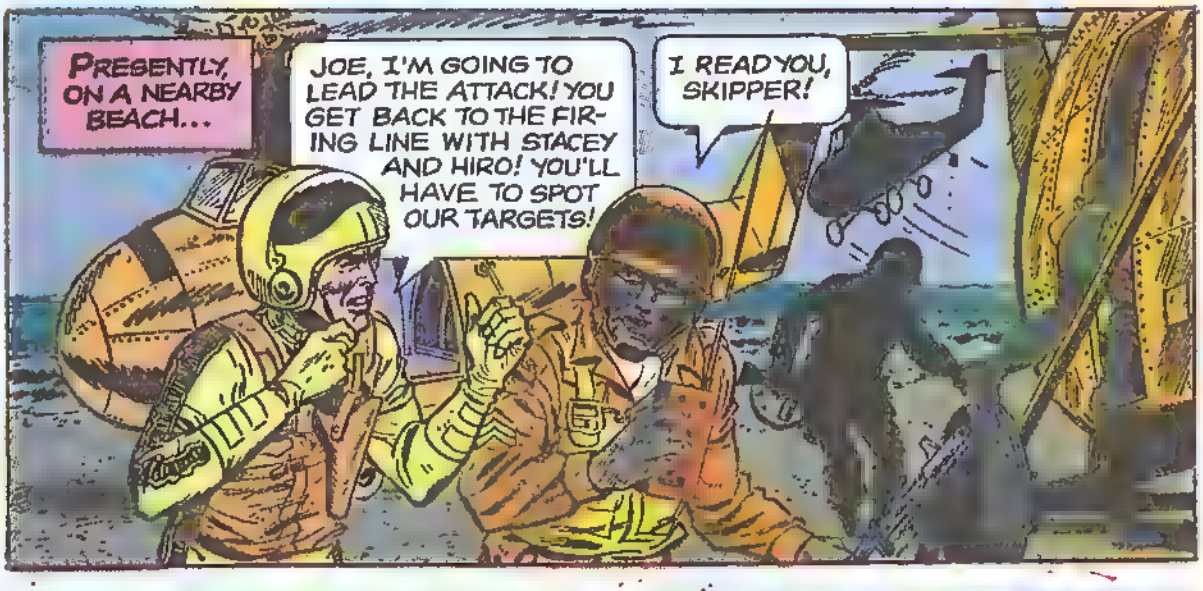

WATCH AND LEARN, MEN! I'M DEMONSTRATING HOLD NUMBER 32 OF THE UN-ARMED COMBAT MANUAL!
A SKIN-HEAD! BREAK THROUGH THOSE DOORS!

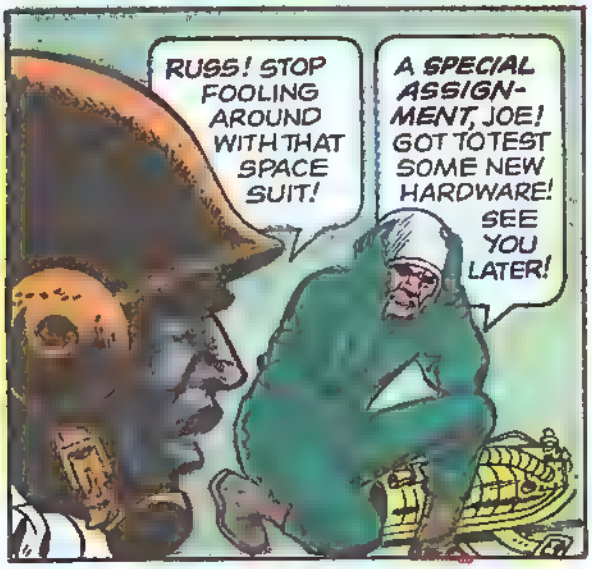

BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT...
ARMOR PLATE!... WE'D NEED A TANK TO BREAK IT DOWN!
ZZZTT!


AS THE FALLEN GUARD SIGNALS AN ALARM...
KRRRAANNG!
HOLY HARRIGAN! IT'S THE WHOLE BALDY ARMY! WE HIT THE JACKPOT! HOW LUCKY CAN YOU GET?


WE'RE PINNED DOWN!... STRIKER, OUR MAIN MARS FORCE SHOULD BE ARRIVING AT THE AIRPORT!... RAISE THEM ON THE SPECIAL MARS FREQUENCY!
I'M SIGNALING NOW, SKIPPER!
BUDDA-BUDDA
BEEYT-W

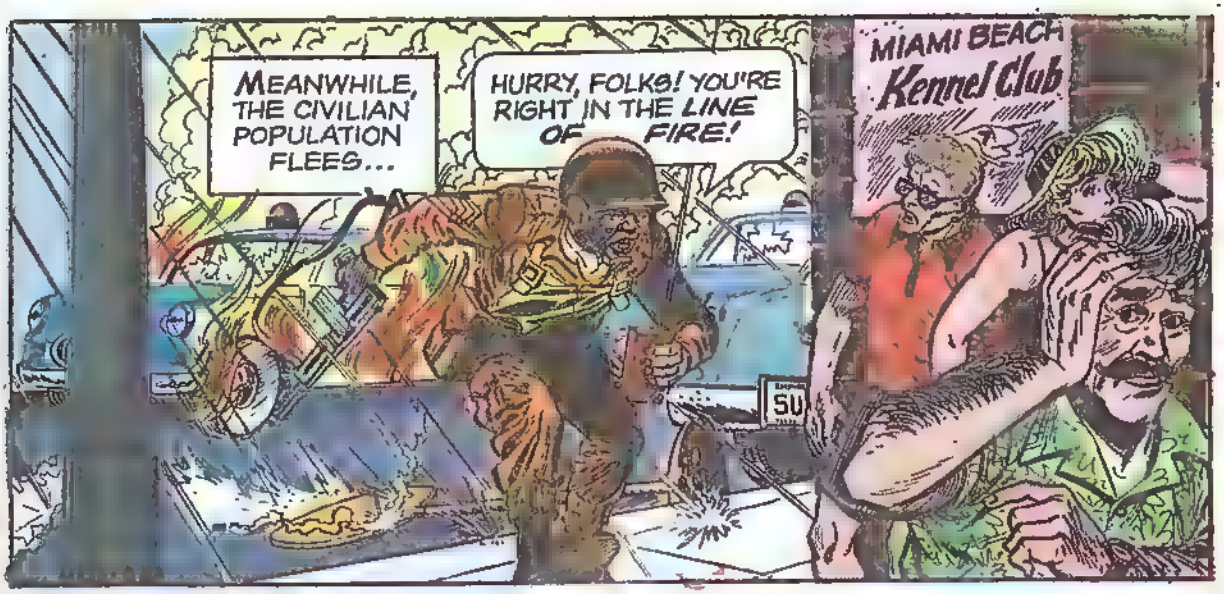

KEEP THOSE BALDIES PENNED IN THAT HOTEL! WE'RE SENDING A FLIGHT OF WHIRLYBIRD GUNSHIPS! MEET THEM ON THE BEACH!
WE'LL BE THERE!

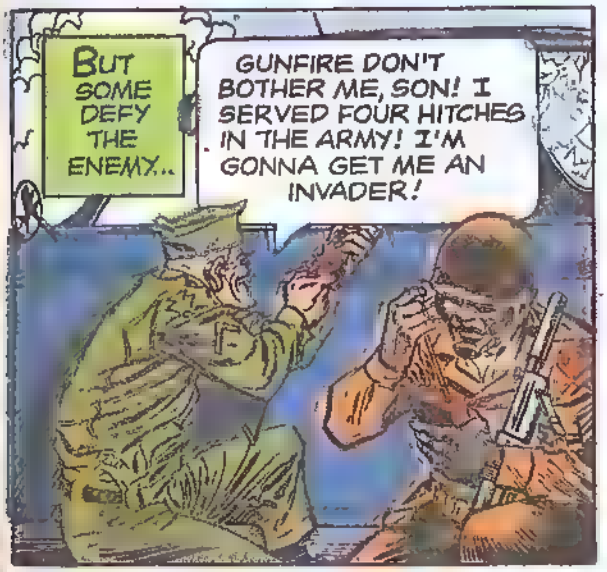

PRESENTLY, ON A NEARBY BEACH...
JOE, I'M GOING TO LEAD THE ATTACK! YOU GET BACK TO THE FIRING LINE WITH STACEY AND HIRO! YOU'LL HAVE TO SPOT OUR TARGETS!
I READ YOU, SKIPPER!

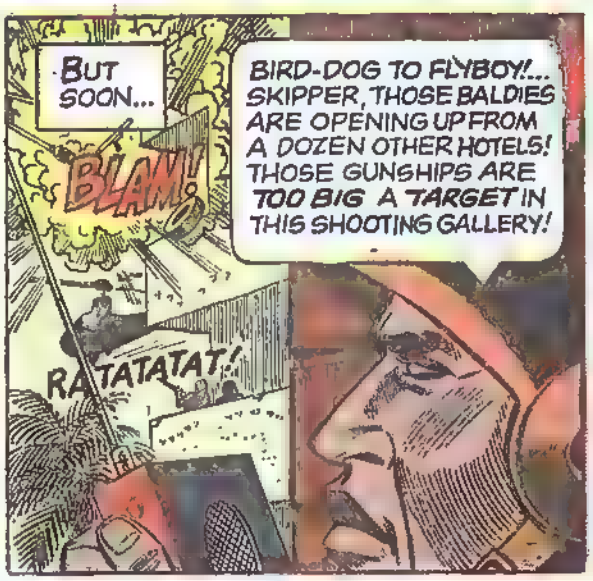

RUSS! STOP FOOLING AROUND WITH THAT SPACE SUIT!
A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT, JOE! GOT TO TEST SOME NEW HARDWARE! SEE YOU LATER!

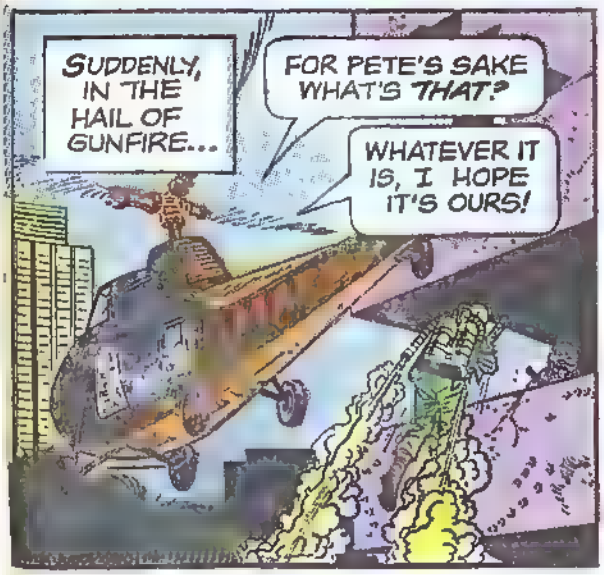
SHORTLY...
WHIRRRRRNNGGG!
ENEMY GUNSHIPS! STAND BY FOR ATTACK!

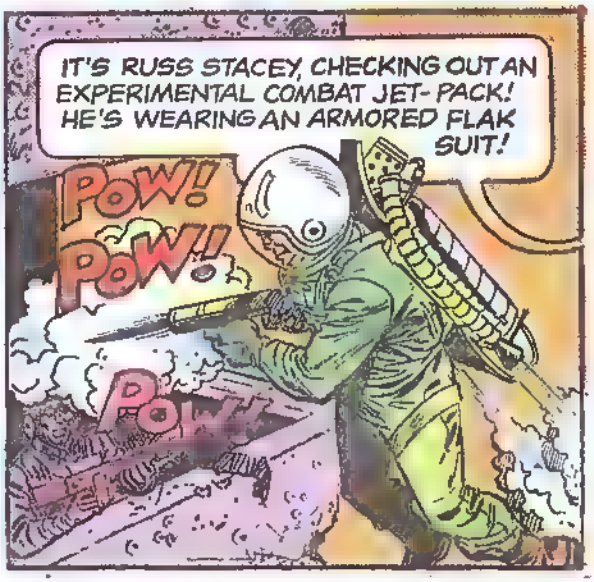
POWEE
POW! POW!
RATATAT!
BEYOWW!

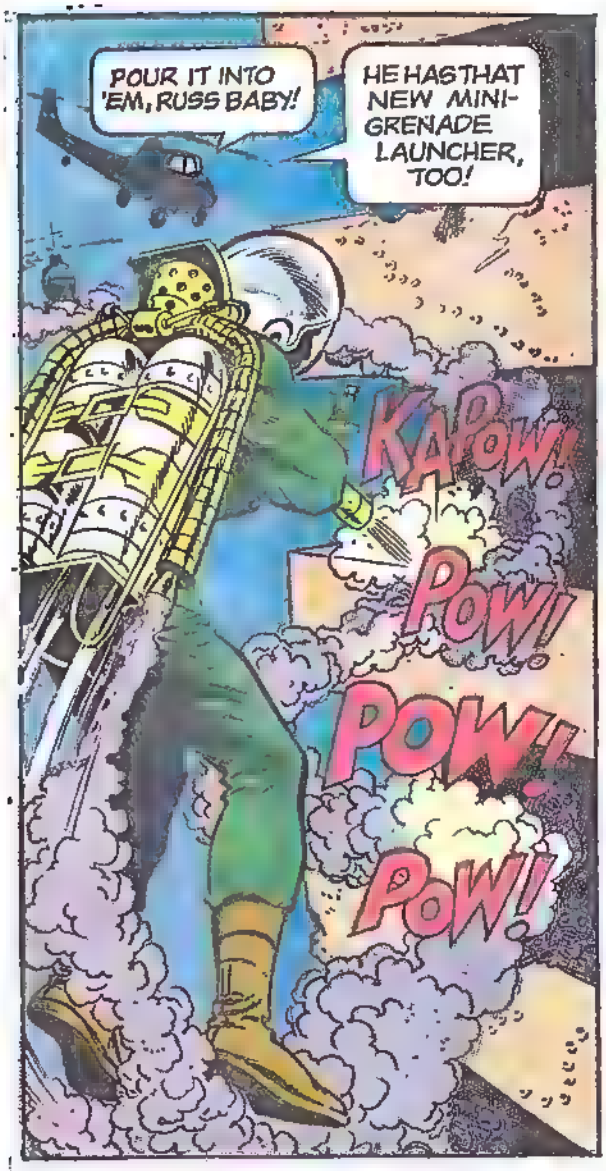

MEANWHILE, THE CIVILIAN POPULATION FLEES...
HURRY, FOLKS! YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE!
MIAMI BEACH Kennel Club


BUT SOME DEFY THE ENEMY..
GUNFIRE DON'T BOTHER ME, SON! I SERVED FOUR HITCHES IN THE ARMY! I'M GONNA GET ME AN INVADER!


BUT SOON...
BLAM!
RATATATAT!
BIRD-DOG TO FLYBOY!... SKIPPER, THOSE BALDIES ARE OPENING UP FROM A DOZEN OTHER HOTELS! THOSE GUNSHIPS ARE TOO BIG A TARGET IN THIS SHOOTING GALLERY!

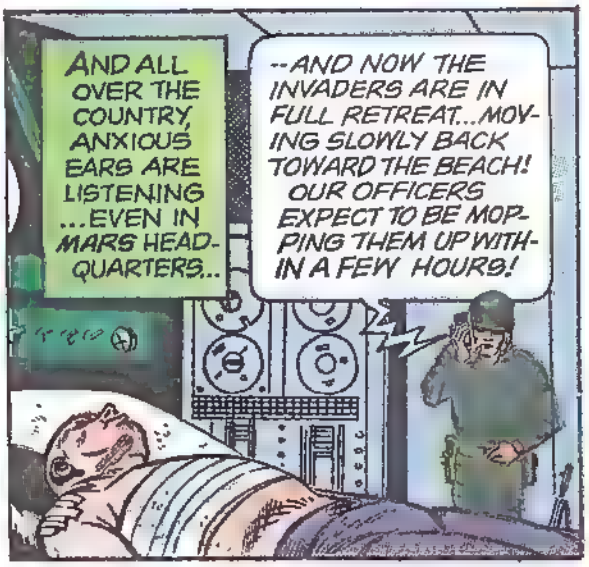

SUDDENLY, IN THE HAIL OF GUNFIRE...
FOR PETE'S SAKE WHAT'S THAT?
WHATEVER IT IS, I HOPE IT'S OURS!


IT'S RUSS STACEY, CHECKING OUT AN EXPERIMENTAL COMBAT JET-PACK! HE'S WEARING AN ARMORED FLAK SUIT!
POW!
POW!!
POW!


POUR IT INTO 'EM, RUSS BABY!
HE HAS THAT NEW MINI-GRENADE LAUNCHER, TOO!
KAPOW!
POW!
POW!
POW!

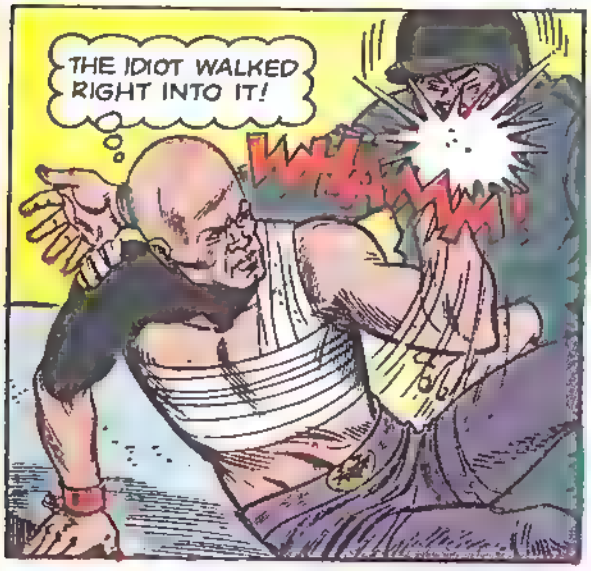
AND AS THE GRENADES STRIKE HOME...
RIGHT DOWN THE PIPE!
BLAM!
BURAMM!
SCRATCH TWO MORE VULTURES' NESTS!

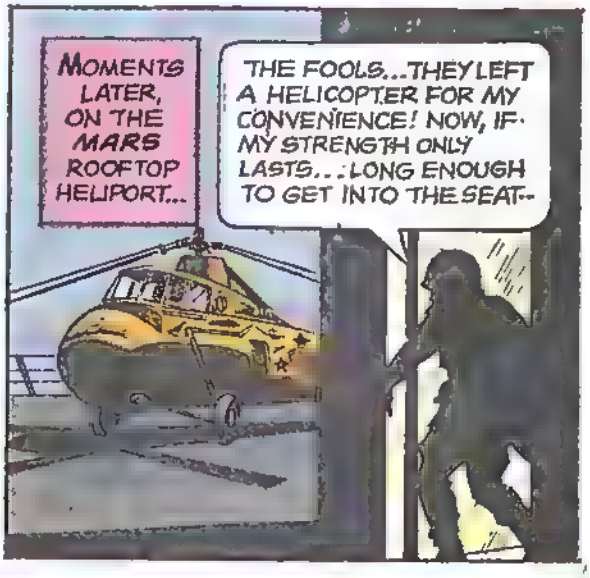
MEANWHILE, RADIO REPORTERS ARE COVERING THE STORY...
INTERADIO NEWS BRINGS YOU AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT FROM THE ACTUAL SCENE OF BATTLE IN MIAMI BEACH! THE MARS TEAMS ARE DRIVING THE ENEMY BACK IN A SAVAGE HOUSE-TO-HOUSE FIREFIGHT!
INTERADIO NEWS SERVICE


AND ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, ANXIOUS EARS ARE LISTENING ...EVEN IN MARS HEAD-QUARTERS...
--AND NOW THE INVADERS ARE IN FULL RETREAT...MOVING SLOWLY BACK TOWARD THE BEACH! OUR OFFICERS EXPECT TO BE MOPPING THEM UP WITHIN A FEW HOURS!

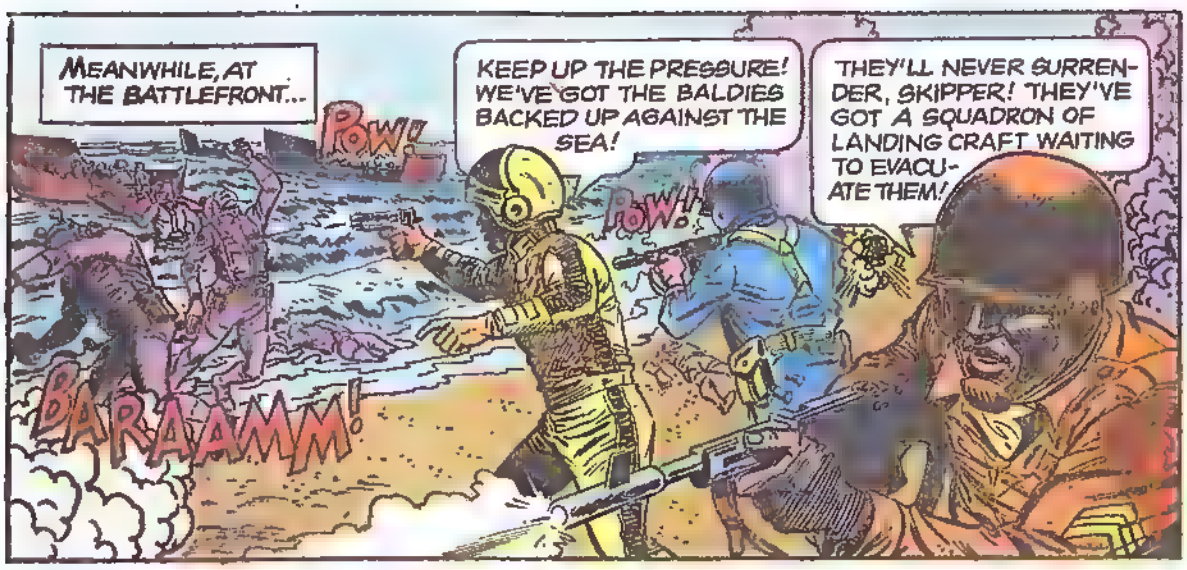
LISTENING, TOO, IS THE ALIEN CAPTIVE CALLED "VICTOR"...
WE ARE LOSING... AND BECAUSE OF ME! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY I CAN REDEEM MYSELF!...
I MUST JOIN MY COMRADES IN BATTLE!

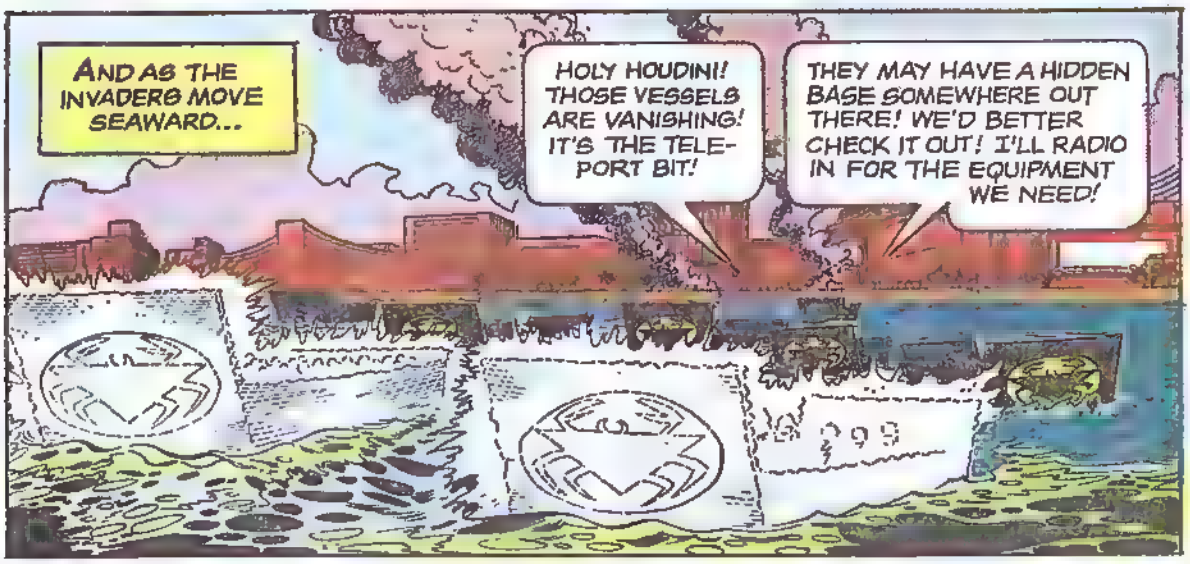
GUARD! GUARD! ¦COUGH... COUGH¦ AARRGGGH!
THE PRISONER ...HE'S HAVING SOME KIND OF FIT! I'D BETTER CHECK!


THE IDIOT WALKED RIGHT INTO IT!


MOMENTS LATER, ON THE MARS ROOFTOP HELIPORT...
THE FOOLS...THEY LEFT A HELICOPTER FOR MY CONVENIENCE! NOW, IF MY STRENGTH ONLY LASTS...LONG ENOUGH TO GET INTO THE SEAT--

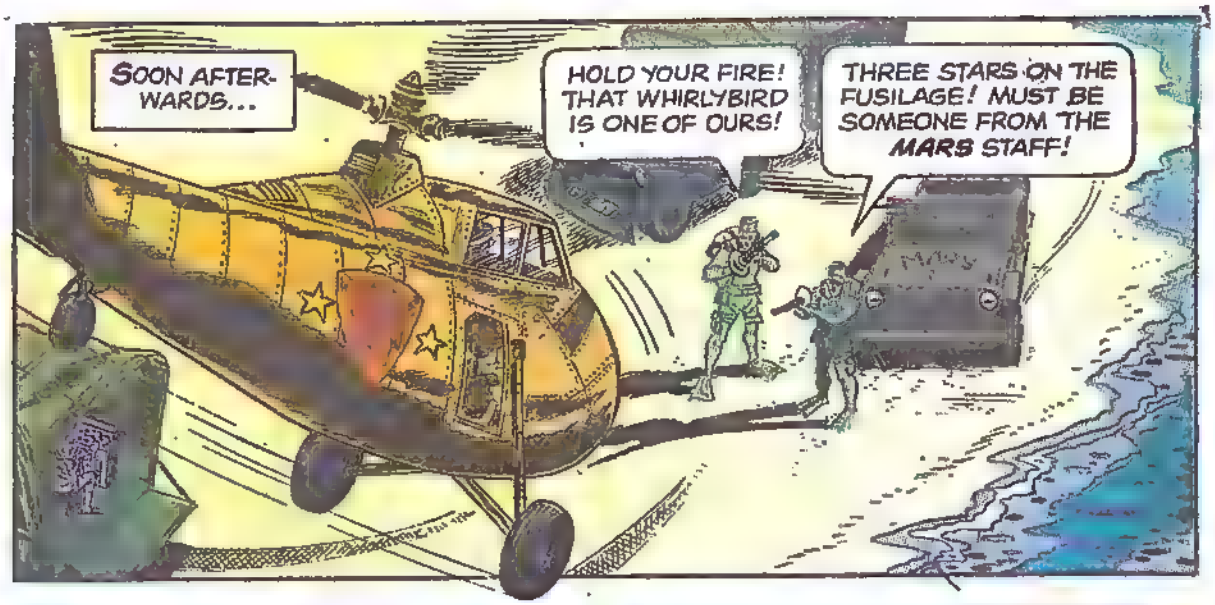
SOON AFTER-WARDS...
DID THAT WHIRLYBIRD GET CLEAR-ANCE FOR A TAKE-OFF?
AH, FORGET IT! SEE THOSE THREE STARS? MUST BE SOMEONE FROM THE MARS GENERAL STAFF ON THE WAY TO THE MIAMI BATTLEFRONT!

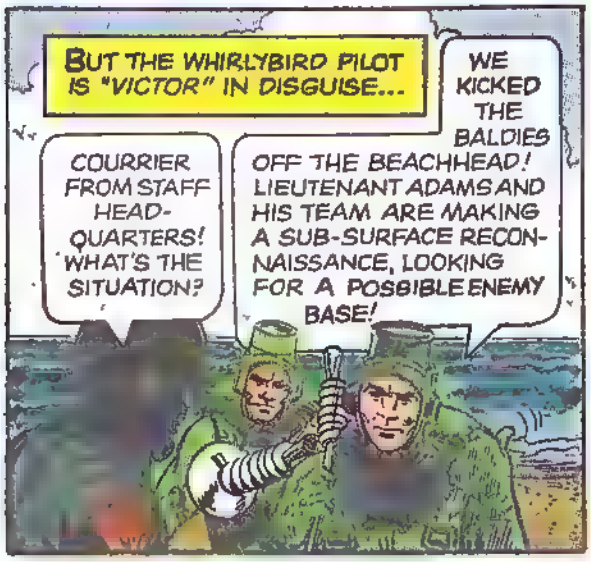

MEANWHILE, AT THE BATTLEFRONT...
POW!
KEEP UP THE PRESSURE! WE'VE GOT THE BALDIES BACKED UP AGAINST THE SEA!
POW!
THEY'LL NEVER SURRENDER, SKIPPER! THEY'VE GOT A SQUADRON OF LANDING CRAFT WAITING TO EVACUATE THEM!
BARAAMM!

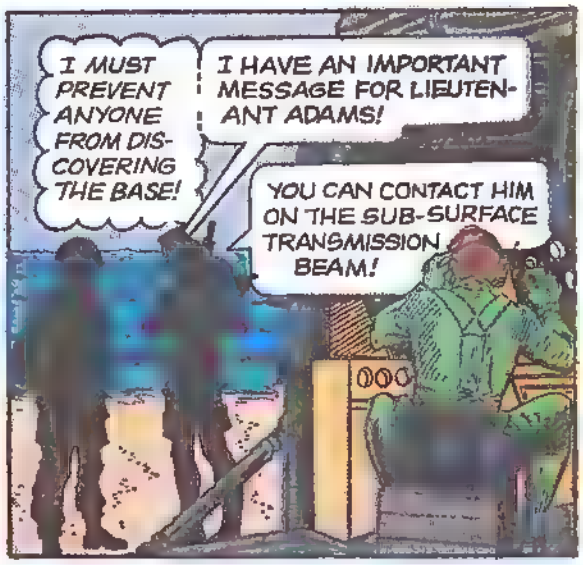

AND AS THE INVADERS MOVE SEAWARD...
HOLY HOUDINI! THOSE VESSELS ARE VANISHING! IT'S THE TELEPORT BIT!
THEY MAY HAVE A HIDDEN BASE SOMEWHERE OUT THERE! WE'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT! I'LL RADIO IN FOR THE EQUIPMENT WE NEED!

SOON, AT THE WATER'S EDGE...
BUT, SKIPPER, I'M THE UNDERSEA SPECIALIST! THIS RECONNAISSANCE JOB IS MINE!
YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE, HIRO! BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'LL FIND THERE, SO THE WHOLE SQUAD IS GOING!

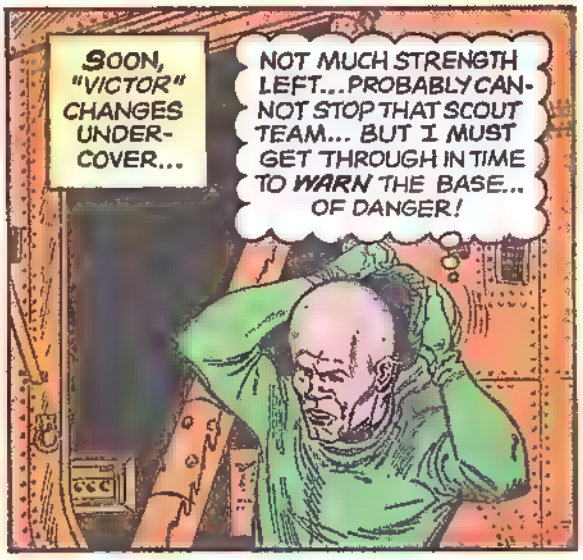
WE'LL KEEP IN CONTACT THROUGH THE SUB-SURFACE TRANSMISSION BEAM! HAVE YOUR RESERVES READY FOR COMBAT IF WE SIGNAL AN EMERGENCY!
I READ YOU, LIEUTENANT! LUCK, AND GOOD HUNTING!

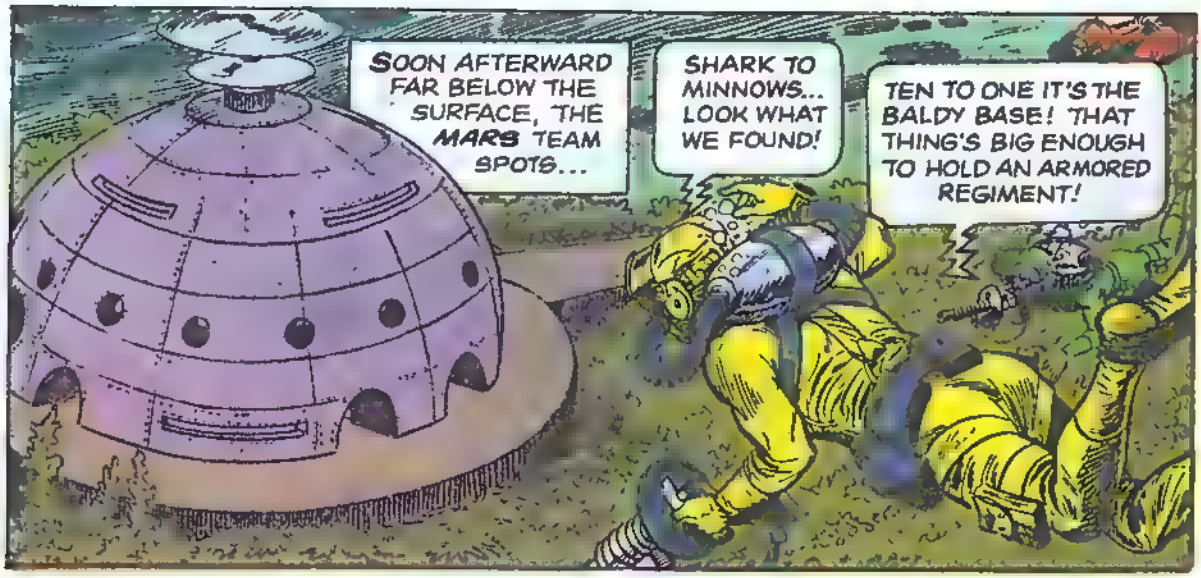

SOON AFTER-WARDS...
HOLD YOUR FIRE! THAT WHIRLYBIRD IS ONE OF OURS!
THREE STARS ON THE FUSILAGE! MUST BE SOMEONE FROM THE MARS STAFF!

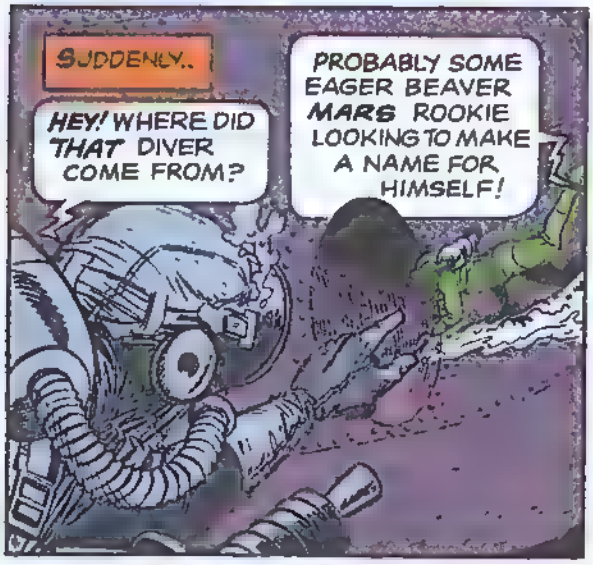

BUT THE WHIRLYBIRD PILOT IS "VICTOR" IN DISGUISE...
COURRIER FROM STAFF HEAD-QUARTERS! WHAT'S THE SITUATION?
WE KICKED THE BALDIES OFF THE BEACHHEAD! LIEUTENANT ADAMS AND HIS TEAM ARE MAKING A SUB-SURFACE RECON-NAISSANCE, LOOKING FOR A POSSIBLE ENEMY BASE!

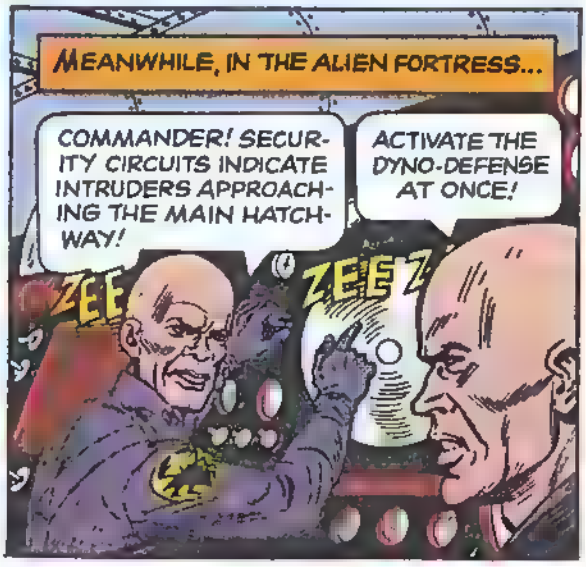

I MUST PREVENT ANYONE FROM DIS-COVERING THE BASE!
I HAVE AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR LIEUTEN-ANT ADAMS!
YOU CAN CONTACT HIM ON THE SUB-SURFACE TRANSMISSION BEAM!

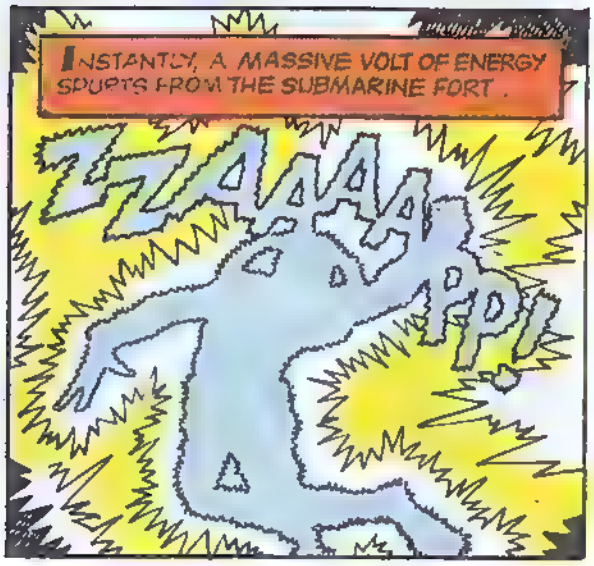
NO! THE ENEMY MIGHT INTERCEPT THE MESSAGE! GET ME ONE OF YOUR DIVING SUITS! I'LL GET THE WORD THROUGH MYSELF!
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!

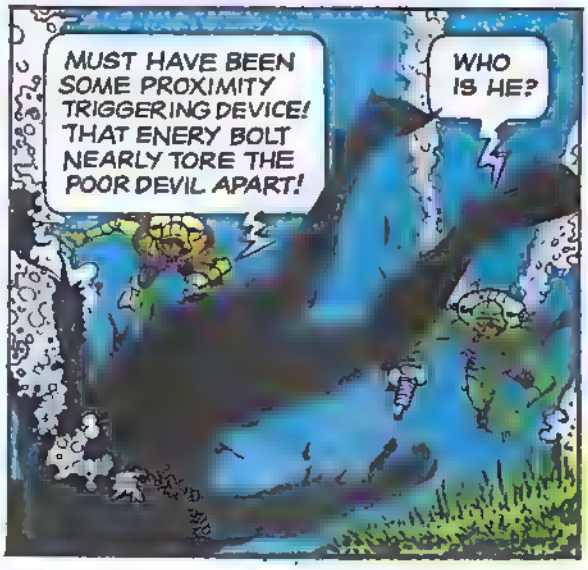

SOON, "VICTOR" CHANGES UNDER-COVER...
NOT MUCH STRENGTH LEFT... PROBABLY CAN-NOT STOP THAT SCOUT TEAM... BUT I MUST GET THROUGH IN TIME TO WARN THE BASE... OF DANGER!


SOON AFTERWARD FAR BELOW THE SURFACE, THE MARS TEAM SPOTS...
SHARK TO MINNOWS... LOOK WHAT WE FOUND!
TEN TO ONE IT'S THE BALDY BASE! THAT THING'S BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD AN ARMORED REGIMENT!


SUDDENLY..
HEY! WHERE DID THAT DIVER COME FROM?
PROBABLY SOME EAGER BEAVER MARS ROOKIE LOOKING TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF!

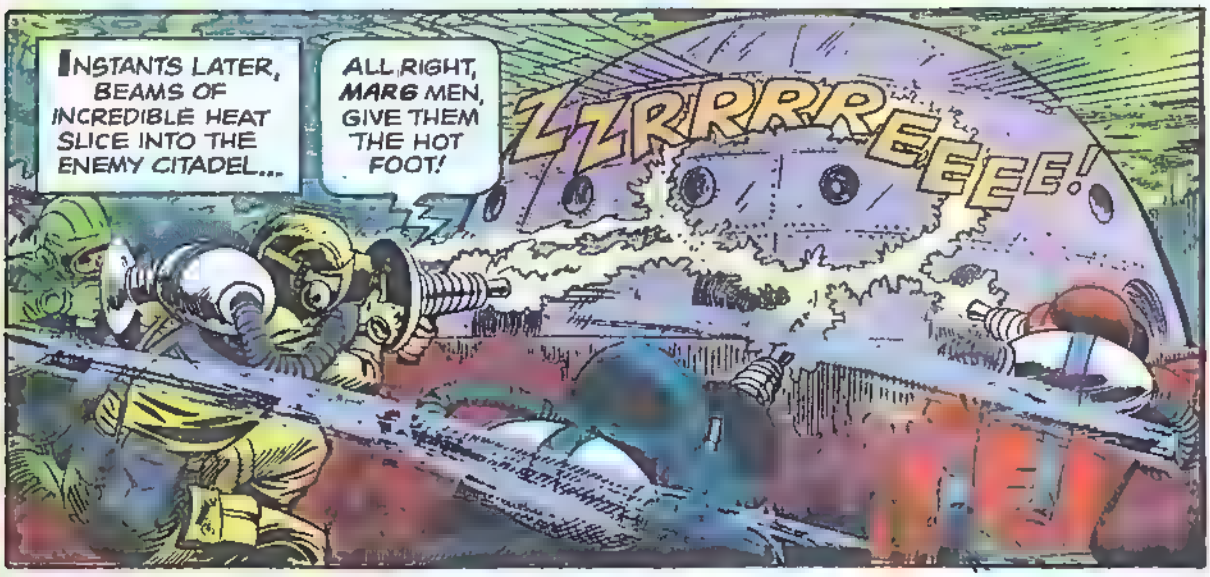

MEANWHILE, IN THE ALIEN FORTRESS...
COMMANDER! SECURITY CIRCUITS INDICATE INTRUDERS APPROACHING THE MAIN HATCHWAY!
ACTIVATE THE DYNO-DEFENSE AT ONCE!
ZEE
ZEEZ

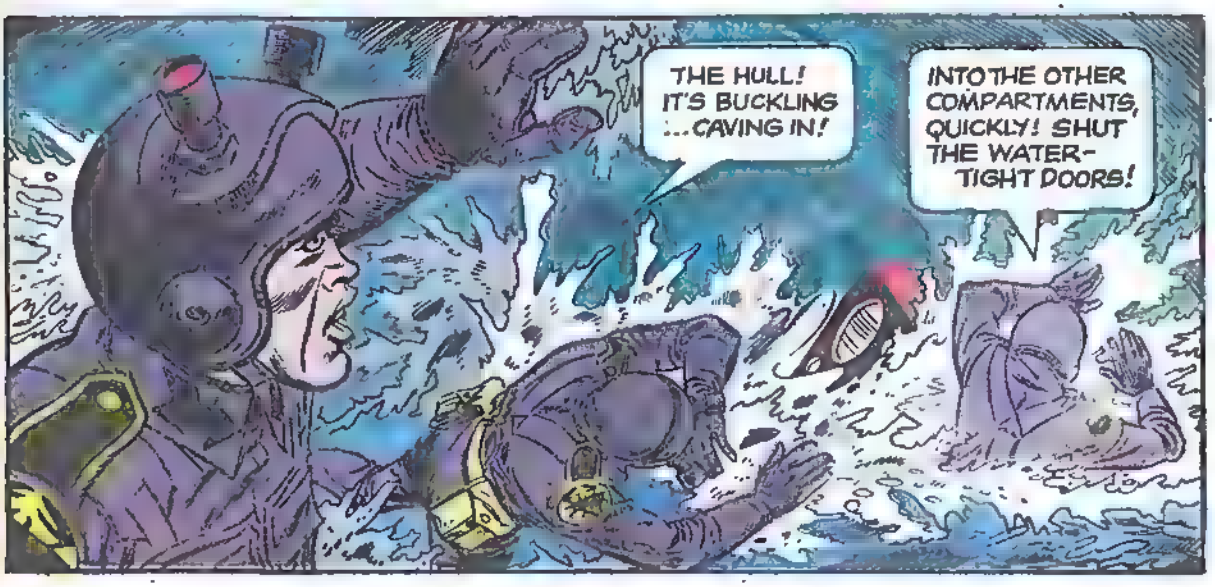

INSTANTLY, A MASSIVE VOLT OF ENERGY SPURTS FROM THE SUBMARINE FORT.
ZZAAAAP!

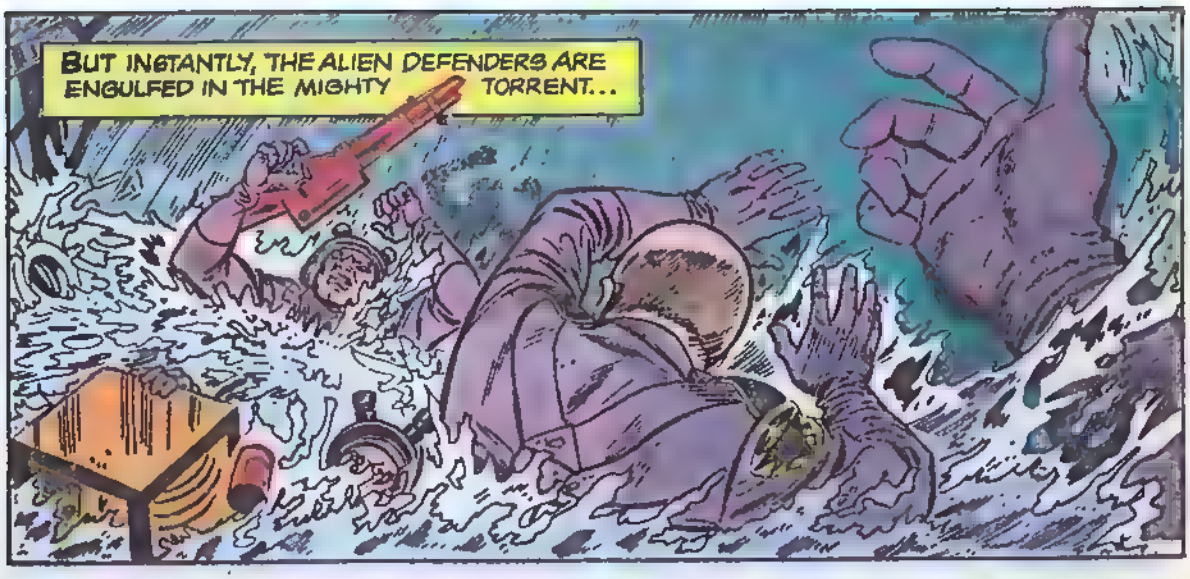

MUST HAVE BEEN SOME PROXIMITY TRIGGERING DEVICE! THAT ENERY BOLT NEARLY TORE THE POOR DEVIL APART!
WHO IS HE?

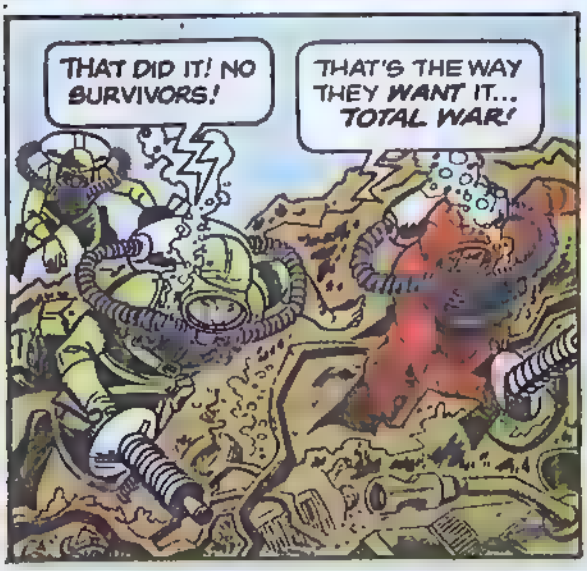
IT'S VICTOR! HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED! HE WAS GOING TO WARN HIS SKIN-HEAD PALS!
AND THEY ZAPPED HIM! WHAT A TWIST!

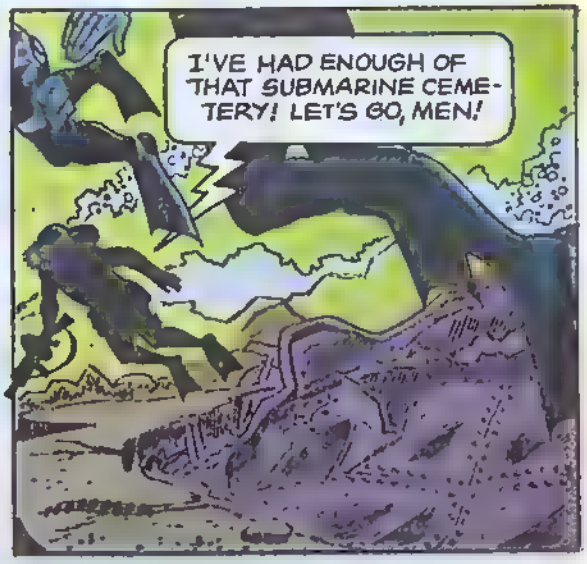
THE BALDIES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WITH ADVANCED WEAPONS! TAKE COVER IN THAT CORAL, GUYS!...
WE'RE GOING TO OPEN THAT INVADER FORT LIKE A CAN OF BEANS!

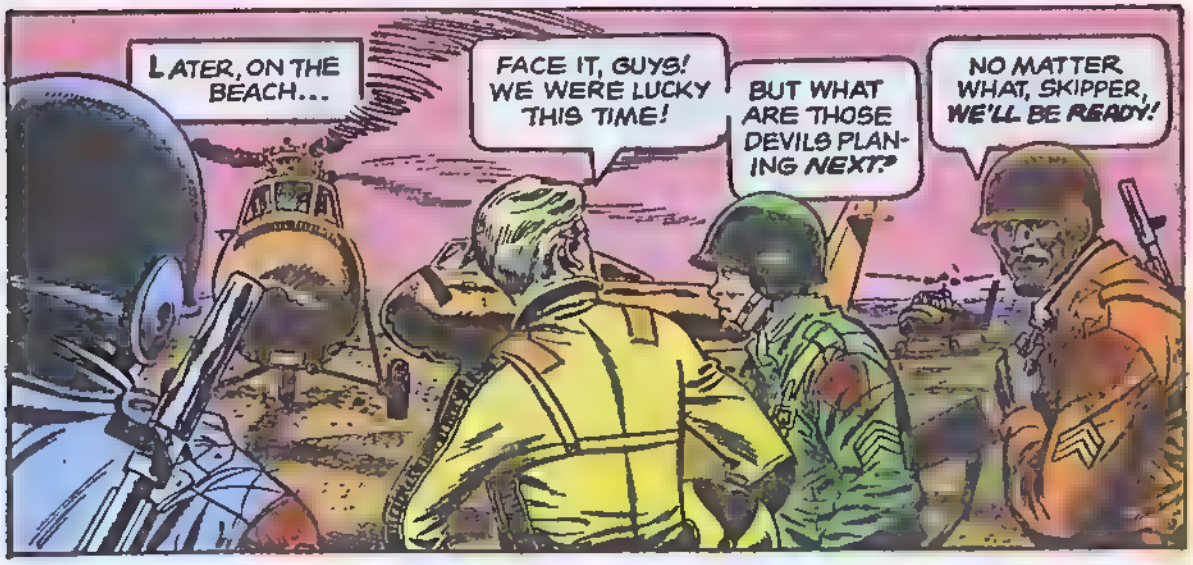

INSTANTS LATER, BEAMS OF INCREDIBLE HEAT SLICE INTO THE ENEMY CITADEL...
ALL RIGHT, MARG MEN, GIVE THEM THE HOT FOOT!
ZZRRRRREEEE!


THE HULL! IT'S BUCKLING ...CAVING IN!
INTO THE OTHER COMPARTMENTS, QUICKLY! SHUT THE WATER-TIGHT DOORS!


BUT INSTANTLY, THE ALIEN DEFENDERS ARE ENGULFED IN THE MIGHTY TORRENT...


THAT DID IT! NO SURVIVORS!
THAT'S THE WAY THEY WANT IT... TOTAL WAR!

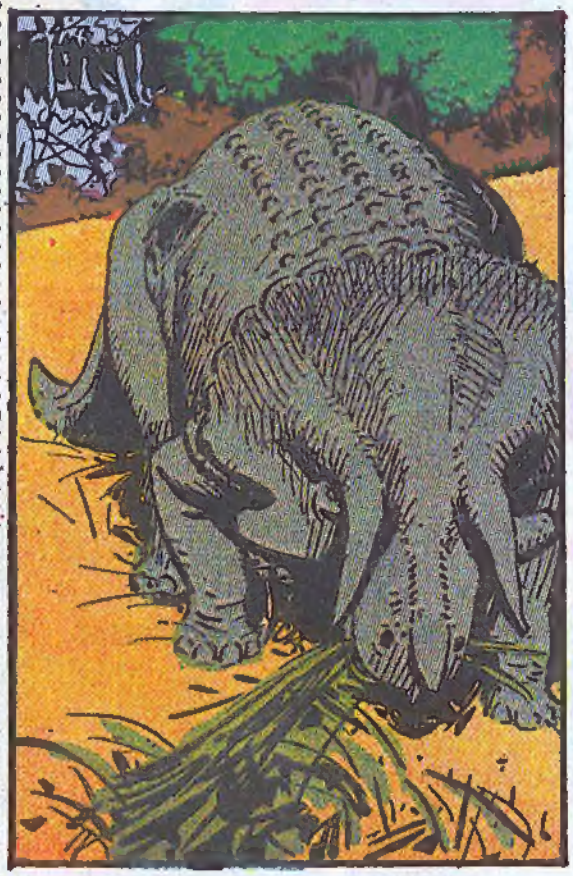

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT SUBMARINE CEMETERY! LET'S GO, MEN!


LATER, ON THE BEACH...
FACE IT, GUYS! WE WERE LUCKY THIS TIME!
BUT WHAT ARE THOSE DEVILS PLANING NEXT?
NO MATTER WHAT, SKIPPER, WE'LL BE READY!

GOLD KEY CLUB COMICS

DINOSAURIA

TRICERATOPS



Triceratops was the last of the horned dinosaurs. It was also the largest — about twenty feet long and eight feet high. Its huge skull was seven feet long from the tip of its nose to the end of its bony neck. Its name means "horns on the face." Living about seventy million years ago, it roamed the dry plateau lands of northeast Asia and northwest America. It moved on short, powerful feet, dragging its tail on the ground. It was a plant-eater feeding on soft plants and small saplings.

Triceratops was probably a herding dinosaur, traveling about in large groups from one grazing ground to another. Despite its fierce appearance, it was a peaceful animal until attacked.

If attacked, it could not seek refuge in deep water nor did it have armor plating to crouch under as other dinosaurs did. Instead, its sharp horns became its formidable defense.

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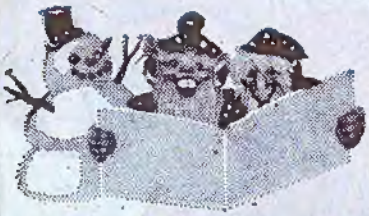
CHRISTMAS ANNUAL *for BOYS and GIRLS!*

AND HE'S WRAPPED UP EVERY PAGE WITH LOADS OF READING AND DOING MERRIMENT



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YEAH! I HEARD THAT ROCKS AS BIG AS PEAS WERE KICKED UP.
WELL, WE'RE FINISHED HERE. LET'S GO! GET READY TO HELP THE VICTIMS!
THIS IS THE CHIEF. DISPATCH ALL THREE "MATCHBOX" FIRE-FIGHTING VEHICLES TO THE SCENE!
FIRE CHIEF
SOUNDS LIKE A THREE ALARMER!
EVEN THE MAYOR RUSHED TO THE SCENE...
I MIGHT HAVE TO CALL FOR DISASTER AID!
MINUTES LATER THE VEHICLES CONVERGE ON THE ALLEGED DISASTER SCENE...
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE TURNED IN A FALSE ALARM!
YES, AND I PROMISE I'LL CATCH THE PRANKSTER, BUT MEANWHILE WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL "MATCHBOX" MODELS ARE MADE TO MEET ANY CRISIS!
THE CITIZENS OF ANTHILL ACRES ARE PROUD OF YOUR FAST ACTION!
POLICE

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